

The KILROY'S

America's Funniest Family!

10¢

HEY, DIDJA EVER SEE
SUCH A JERKY-
LOOKIN' MUTT?



WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



PREMIUMS - CASH GIVEN

BE FIRST



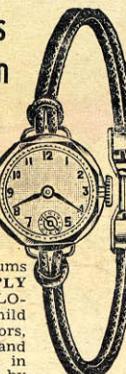
Boys - Girls
Ladies - Men

WE ARE
RELIABLE

OUR 57th YEAR

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PREMIUMS - CASH GIVEN

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57th
Year

Act
Now

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BOYS
GIRLS

LADIES
MEN

57th
Year



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Our
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No
Money
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Our 57th year. Be first. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. Y-27, Tyrone, Pa.

Act
Now

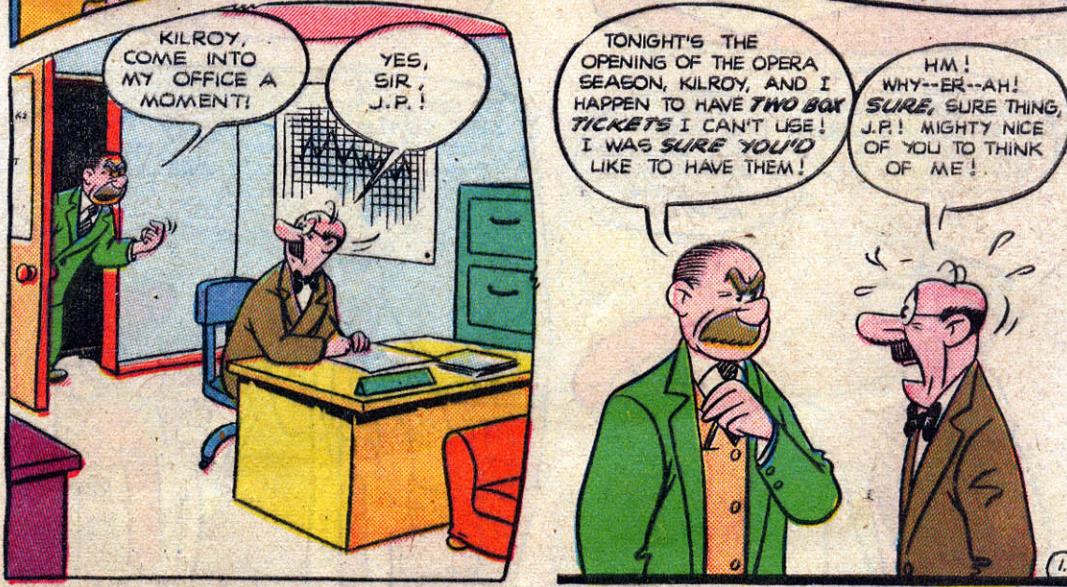
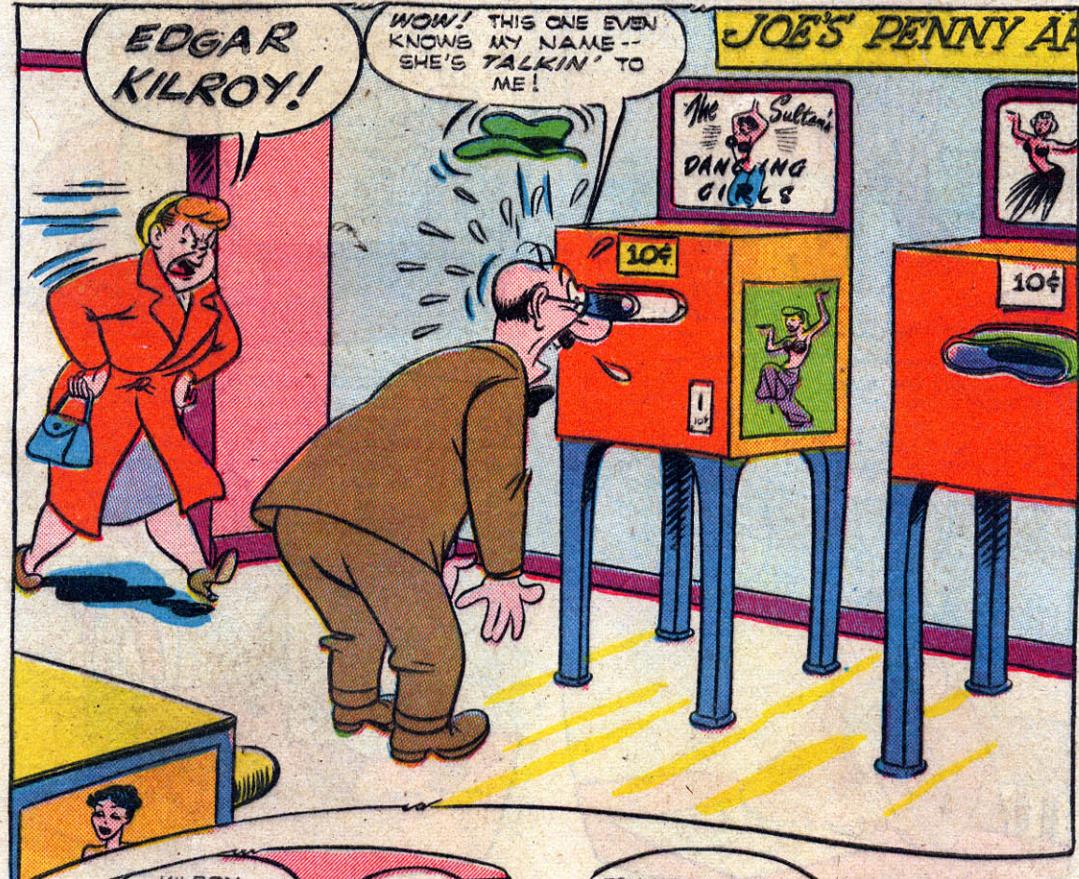
MAIL COUPON NOW

OUR
57th
YEAR

MAIL COUPON NOW

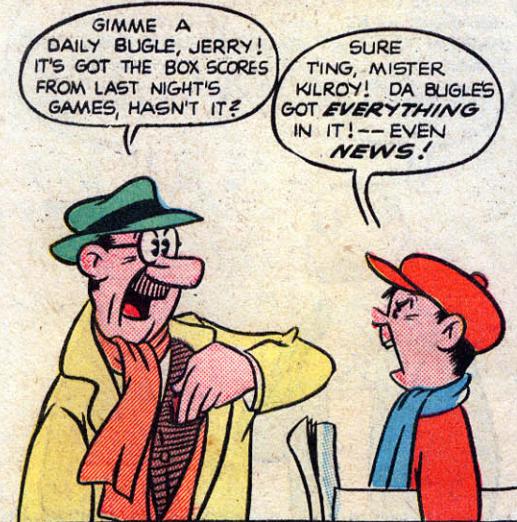
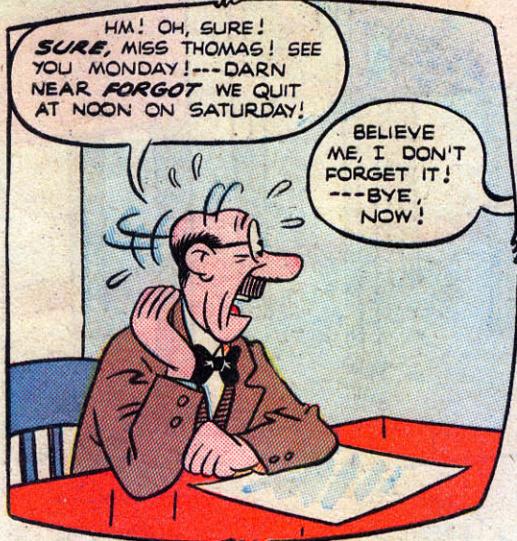
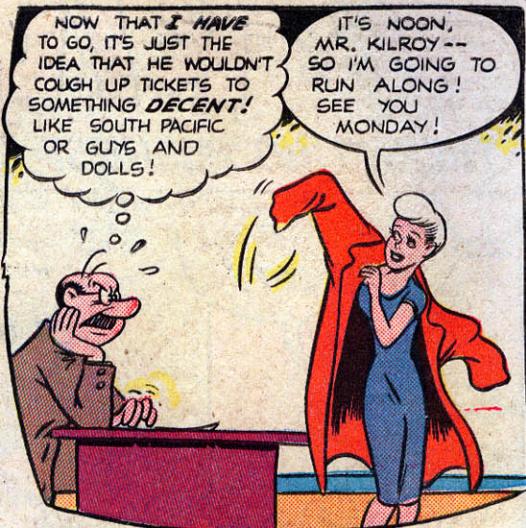
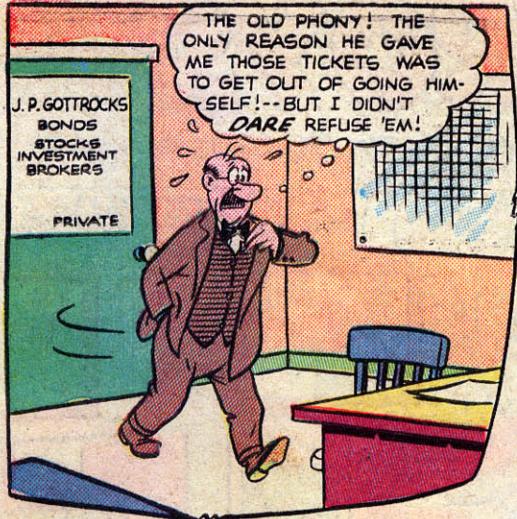
The KILROYS

"THERE'S NO BUSINESS LIKE SHOW-OFF BUSINESS!"



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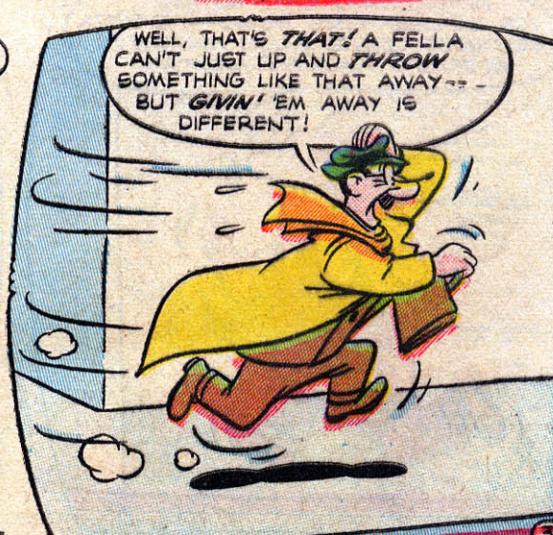
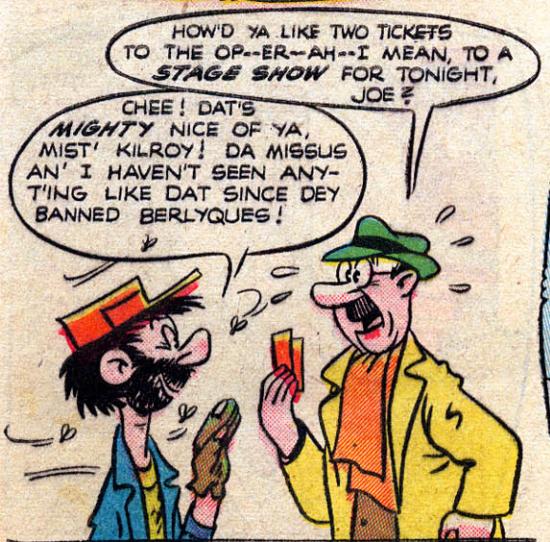
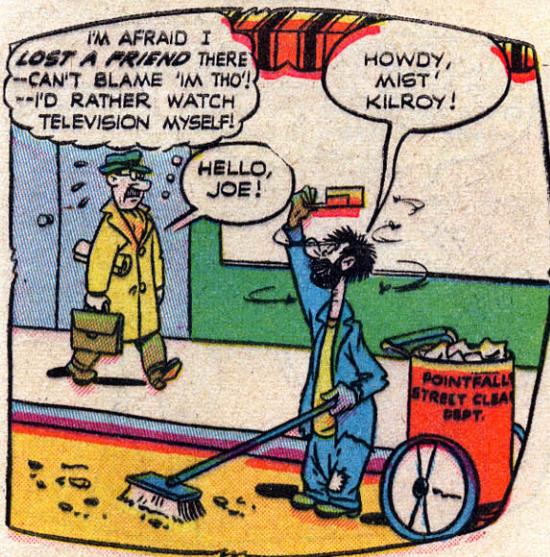
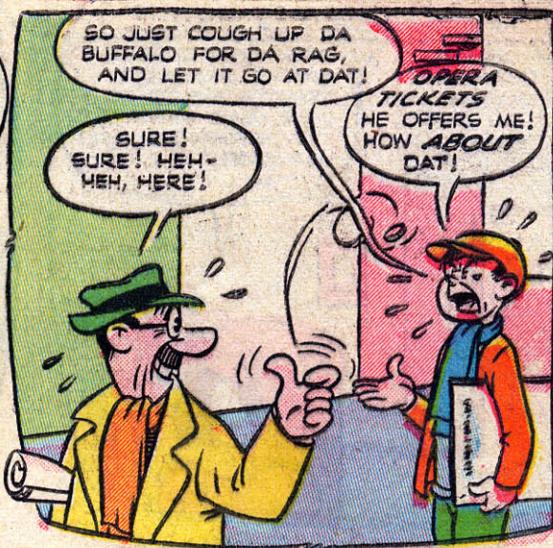
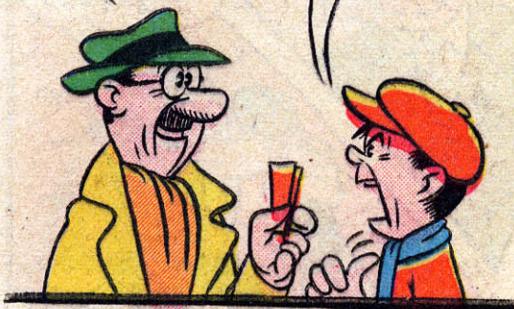


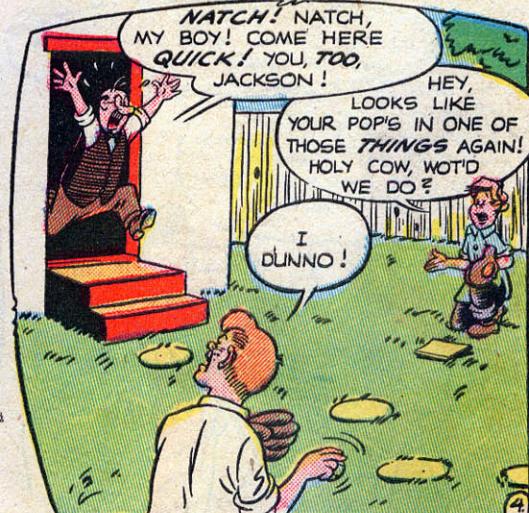
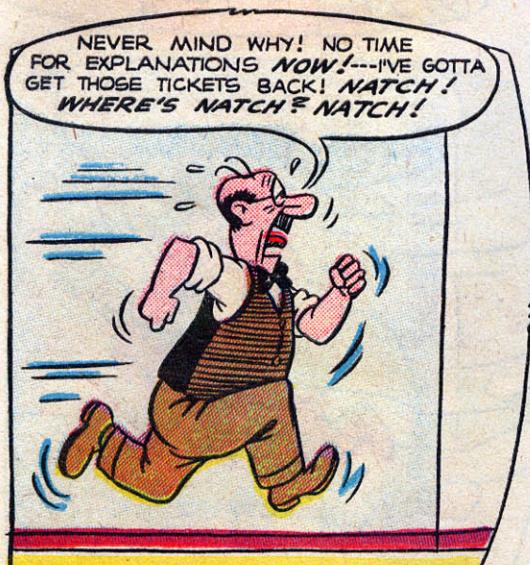
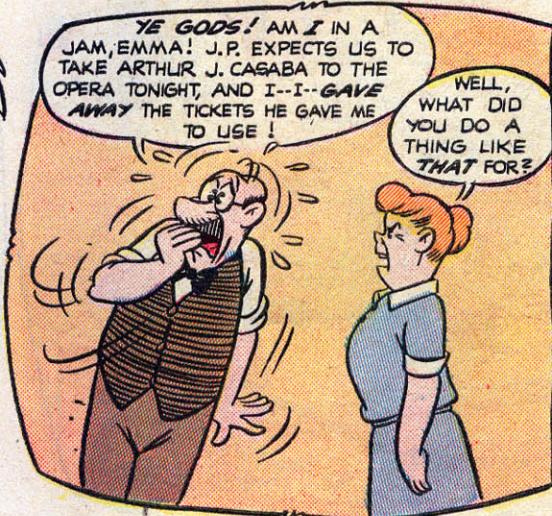
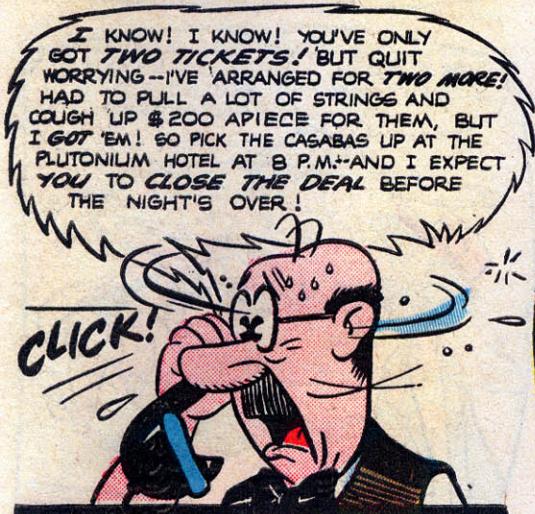
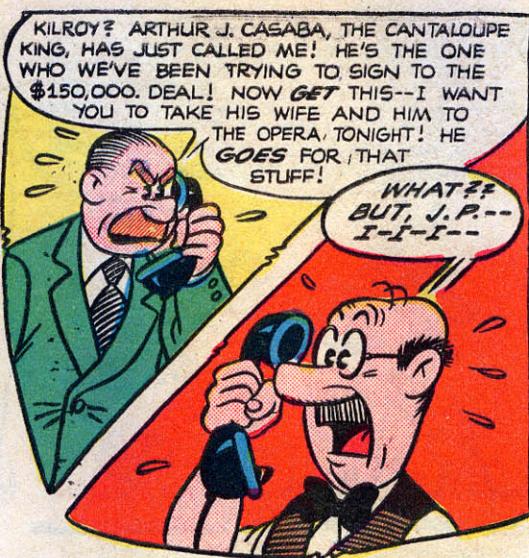
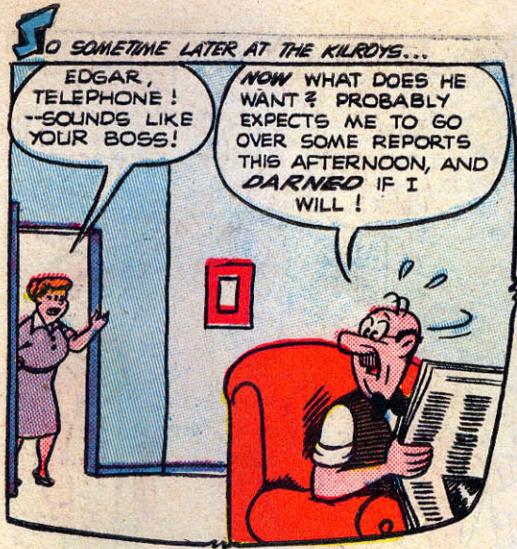
JERRY, HOW'D YOU LIKE A COUPA TICKETS TO THE OPERA? BEST SEATS IN THE HOUSE AND FOR TONIGHT!

YOU KIDDIN'? WODEYA TINK-I HAVEN'T GOT ALL MY MARBLES!! LONG-HAIR STUFF STINKS! BESIDES, I WOULDN'T CONSIDER MISSIN' SID CAESAR ON TELEVISION T'NIGHT!

SO JUST COUGH UP DA BUFFALO FOR DA RAG, AND LET IT GO AT DAT!

OPERA TICKETS HE OFFERS ME! HOW ABOUT DAT!



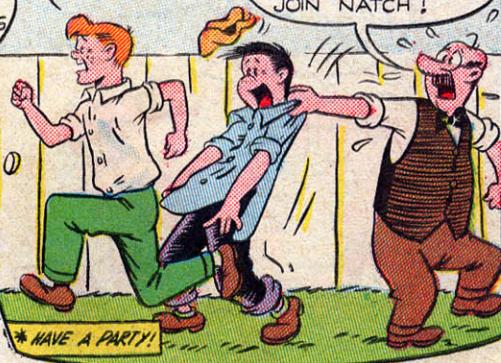
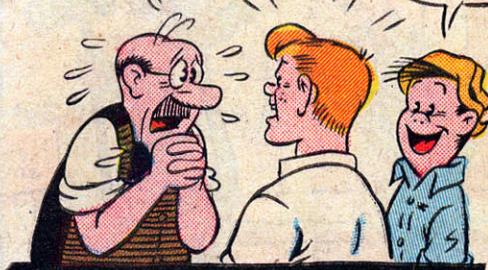


NATCH! JACKSON! --LISTEN! I GAVE TWO OPERA TICKETS AWAY TO JOE, THE STREET CLEANER--AND I'VE GOT TO GET THEM BACK! IF YOU BOYS FIND HIM AND GET THEM BACK FOR ME, I'LL GIVE YOU FIVE BUCKS!

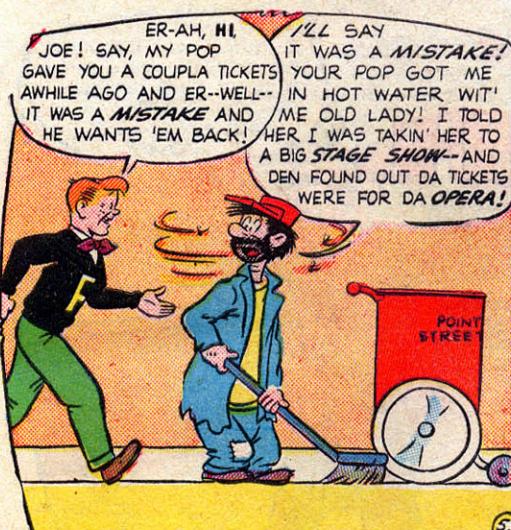
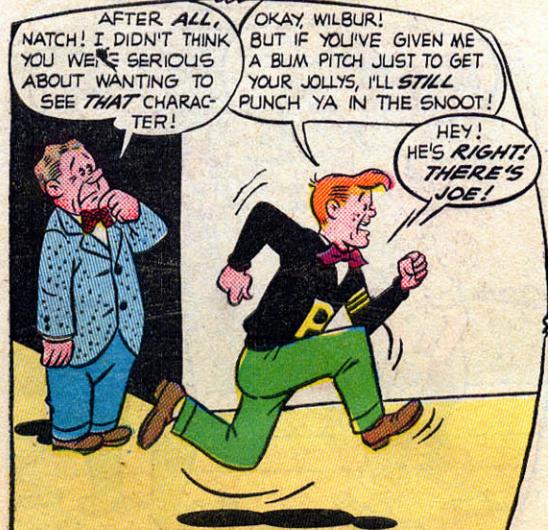
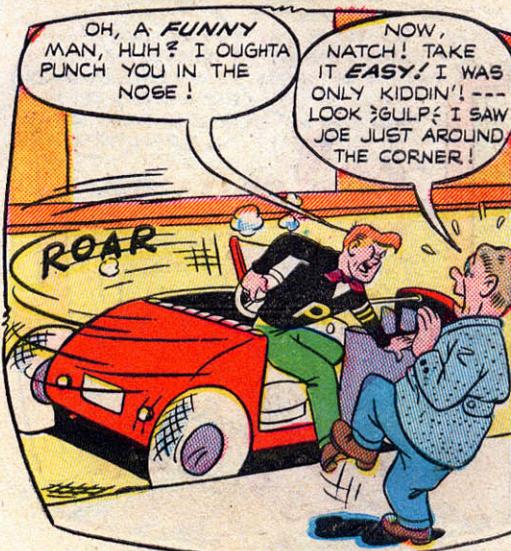
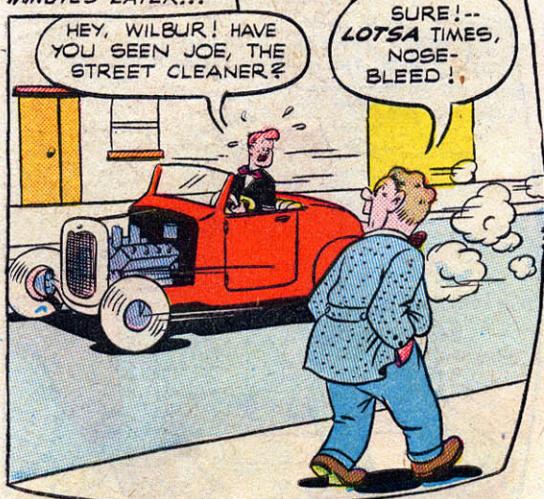
FIVE BUCKS? HOLY COW! THAT'S A LOTTA LOOT! C'MON, NATCH--LET'S GET WITH IT!

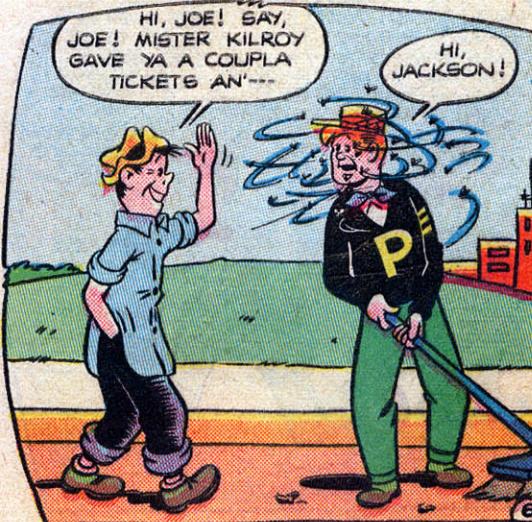
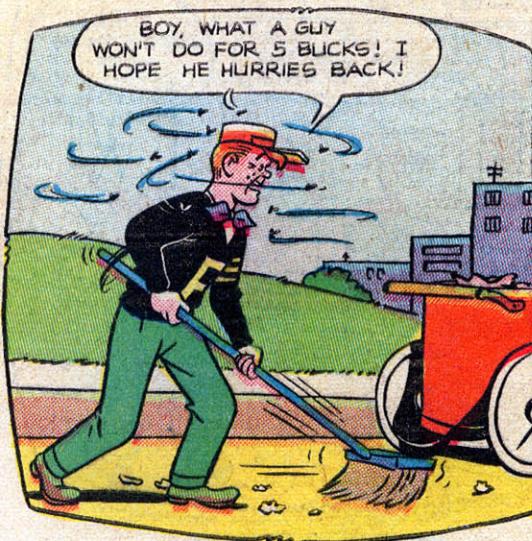
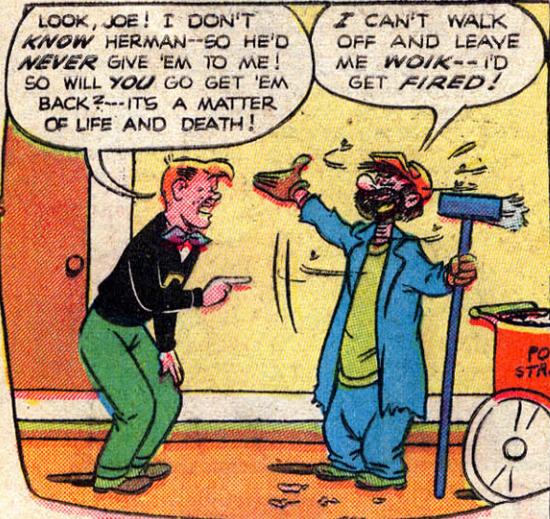
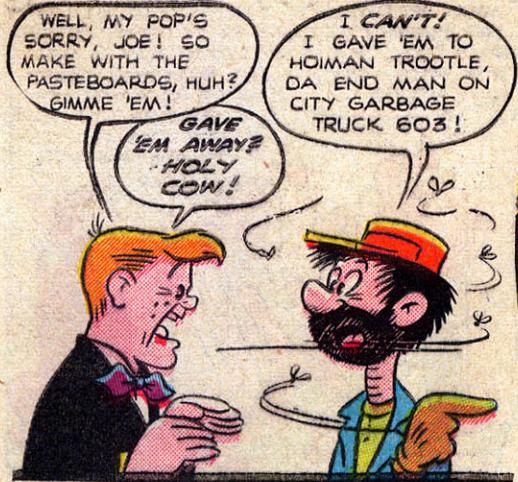
MAN! YOU AREN'T JUST KIDDIN'! WE CAN REALLY COOK UP A STORM! WITH THAT MUCH GOLD!

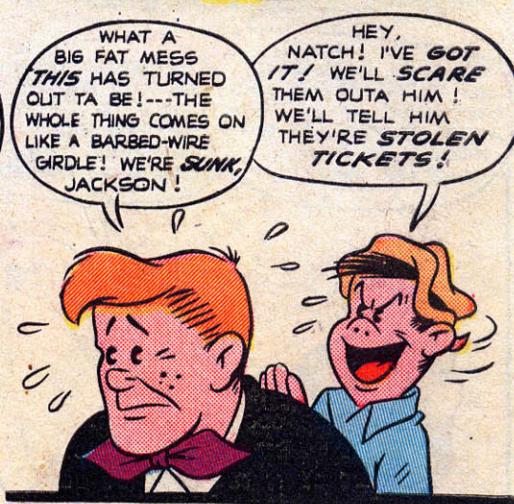
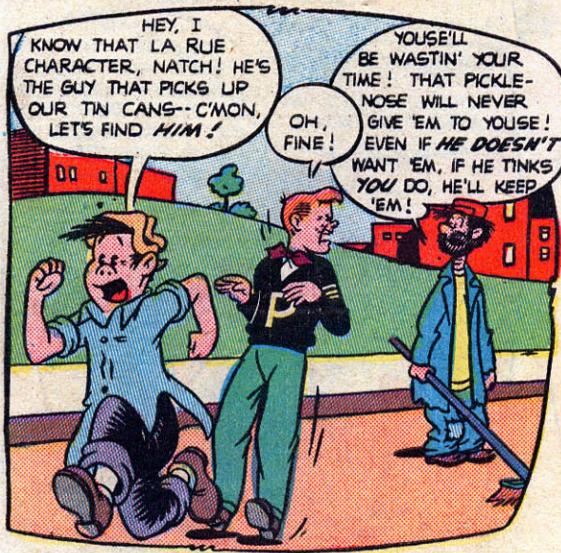
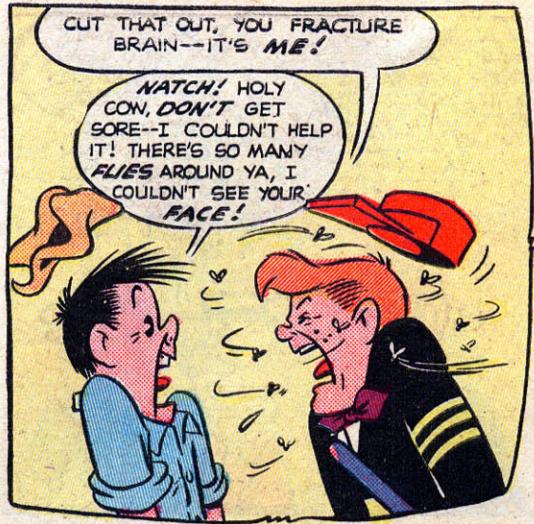
WAIT, JACKSON! LET NATCH LOOK FOR JOE--I WANT YOU TO PICK UP TWO OTHER TICKETS AT THE NEOPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE--THEN YOU CAN JOIN NATCH!



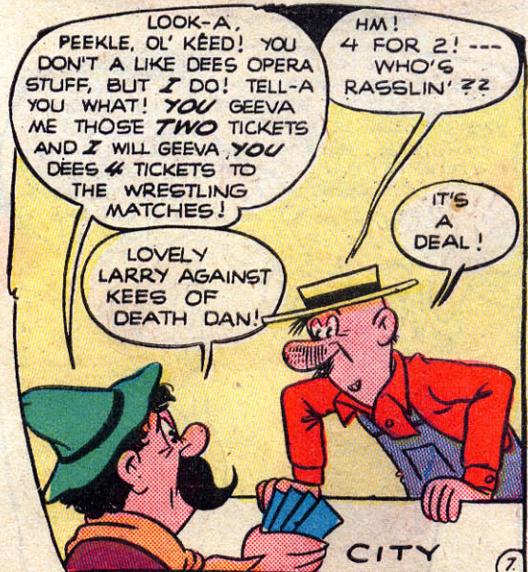
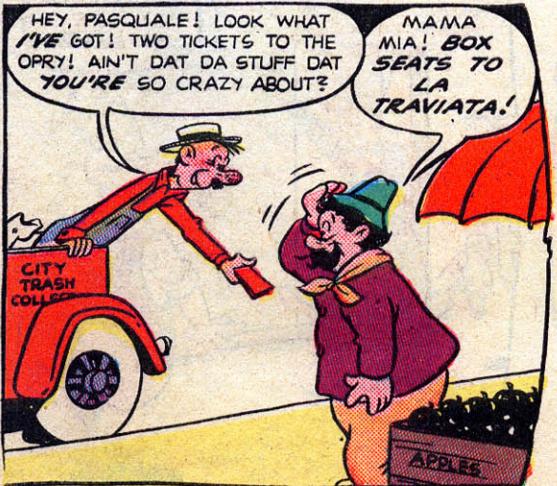
SO A FEW MINUTES LATER...







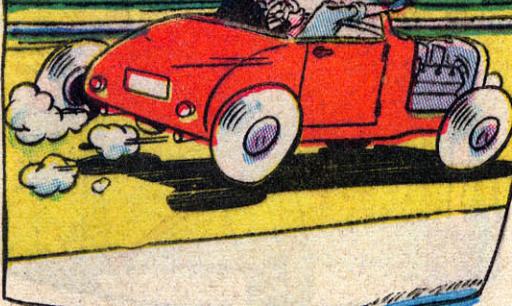
MEANWHILE, LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT THIS PICKLE-NOSE LA RUE.....



MINUTES LATER...

NATCH, LOOK! LOOK!
THERE HE IS--THAT'S
PICKLE-NOSE PICKIN' UP
THAT BOX OF CANS!
STOP! STOP!

I SEE
HIM! NOW
LET ME DO
THE TALKIN'!

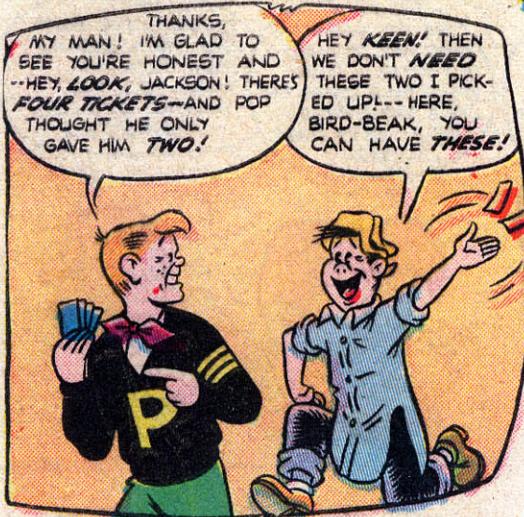


LOOK, CHUM! WE
KNOW YOU'RE PICKLE-NOSE LA
RUE AND WE ALSO KNOW
YOU'VE JUST RECEIVED
SOME TICKETS THAT WERE
STOLEN!

HUH?
STOLEN?

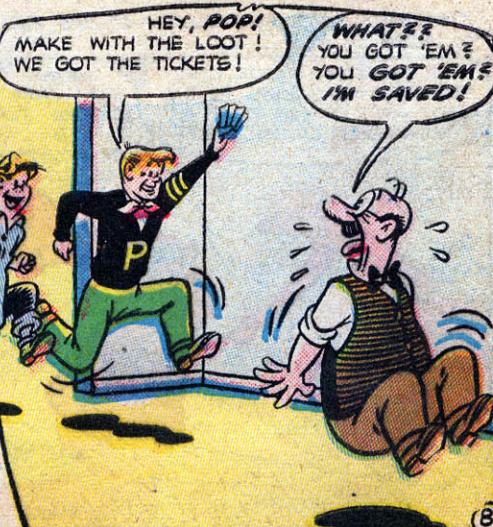
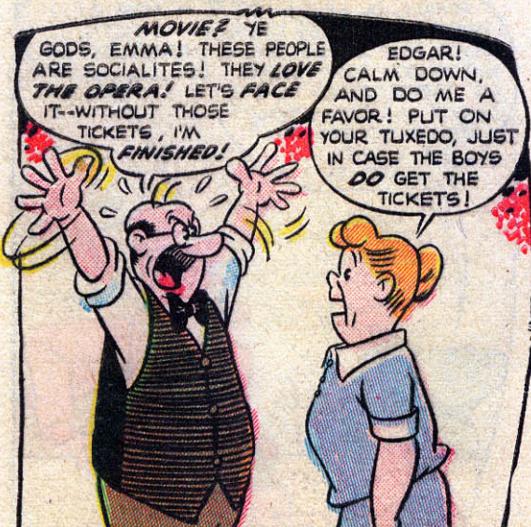
THAT'S
RIGHT! AN
IF YOU WANNA
STAY OUT OF A
JAM WITH THE
POLICE, YA
BETTER TURN 'EM
OVER TO US
FAST!

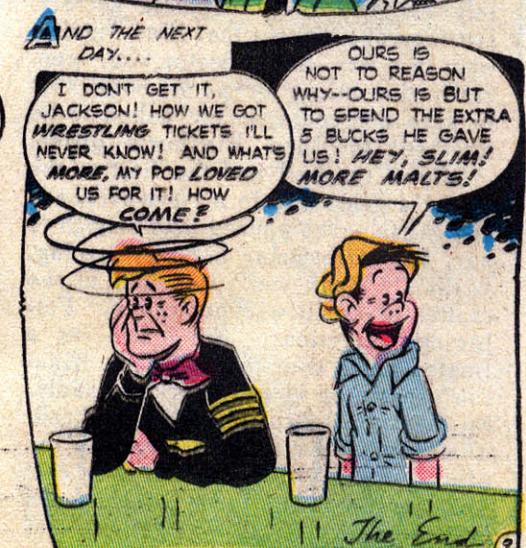
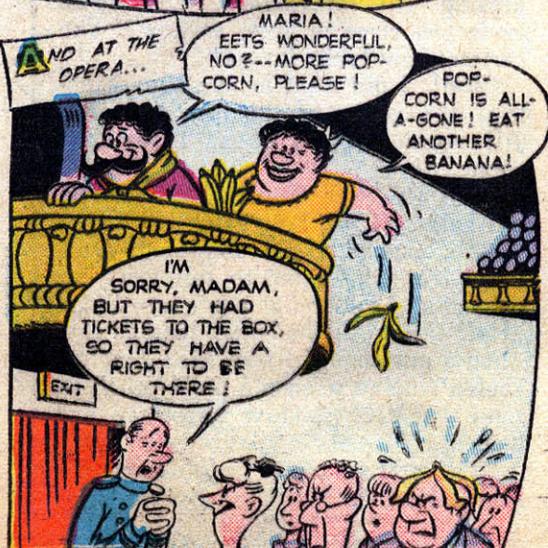
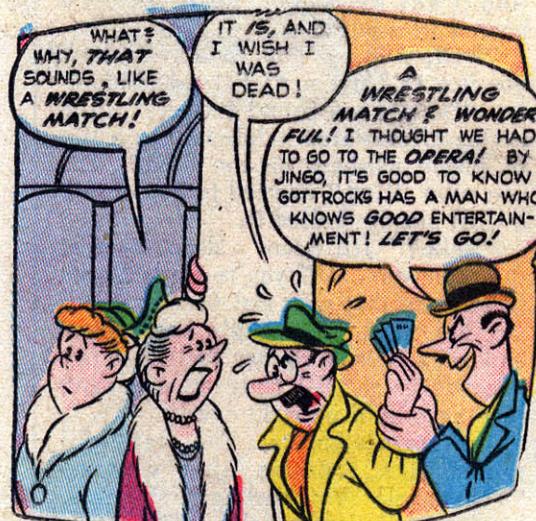
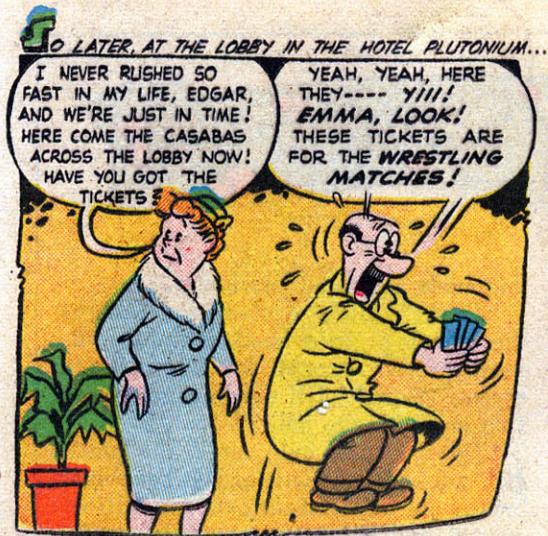
MEANWHILE...



RUINED! FINISHED!
IF THEY HAD THE
TICKETS, THEY'D BE
BACK BY NOW!

EDGAR,
I'M SURE THE
BOYS ARE STILL
TRYING--AND BESIDES,
IF THEY DON'T
GET THEM, MAYBE WE
COULD TAKE THEM TO
A GOOD MOVIE
INSTEAD!





The End

Advice TO THE Lovelorn EDITOR!

HAVING JUST PASSED her fifteenth birthday, Jill was in the throes of deep anxiety. "I've got to make up my mind," she thought, "about marrying Joe!" Joe had been Jill's boy friend all through high school and now that she was practically an adult, she felt that she ought to start facing life!

"It's no use talking about it to mother or dad," she reflected. "They just laugh and say there'll be time enough to worry when I'm older! They just don't understand that I *am* grown up! But I've got to talk it over with someone...someone who's experienced..."

Whipping a cute beret on her curls, Jill ran out of the house, remembering her adult status when she was almost down the block, and slowing her run to a sedate walk. "Why didn't I think of her before?" she wondered. "Miss Winslow. The one who writes the love advice column in the paper! I'll bet she won't laugh at me!"

In the newspaper office, Jill hesitated. It seemed rather forward to ask for someone you didn't know, in order to tell her your most intimate secrets. But then she thought that Miss Winslow was, in a way, like a doctor who specialized in ailing loves. And with that to give her courage, she asked to be directed to Miss Winslow's office.

"Down the hall and the first to the right," a gentleman in a green eyeshade and shirtsleeves paused long enough to say, before resuming his rapid typing.

Jill's "thank you" was lost in the clatter of the newspaper office. Following directions, she came to a frosted glass door that had Miss Winslow's name on it and knocked timidly. No answer. Jill tried the doorknob. The door was open and there, in the office, was a girl crying her eyes out! And her heart, to judge by the sobs

that made her shoulders heave.

"Gosh!" Jill's exclamation brought the weeping girl's head up. She was very pretty, except for her swollen eyes. "Gosh!" Jill said again. "Can I do something to help?"

"No one can help me!" the pretty girl sobbed. "Carl and I have just broken our engagement over the silliest quarrel and I'll never...see him again! And it was *my* fault!" Again the tears poured from her eyes.

"Well, if it was your fault, why don't you just tell him so?" Jill asked bluntly. "What's his phone number?" The crying girl pointed helplessly to a list of phone numbers on the desk. The one after "Carl" seemed to be correct, so Jill simply dialled it.

"Hello?" Jill heard a deep voice at the other end. "If you're Carl, I want to tell you that your girl friend's bawling her head off! She's heartbroken and says it was all her fault!" A few seconds later, Jill hung up and said, "He says he'll be right over!"

The tears stopped. The pretty girl smiled like sunshine after a storm. "You angel! You darling!" she said, kissing Jill rapturously. "Whatever made you come in here, anyhow? You certainly are lucky for me!"

"Well, I did want to see Miss Winslow, the editor of the love column," Jill began, "but I guess I have the wrong..."

"But *I'm* Miss Winslow!" the pretty girl said. "Can I help you?"

"No, thanks," Jill answered, smiling. "I just wanted to tell you your column's swell! I don't need any help!" For Jill had just learned that when a grownup girl like Miss Winslow couldn't solve a simple problem, there must be more to love than she had thought.

"I'd better wait until I'm old enough!" she decided.

Natchⁱⁿ "FAIR EXCHANGE!"

OFFICER FARRELL,
WHAT'S THE NEXT
OFFENDER'S NAME--AND
WHAT'S THE
CHARGE?

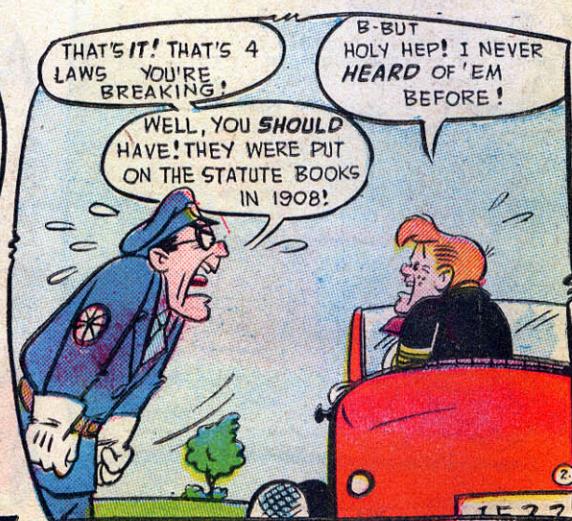
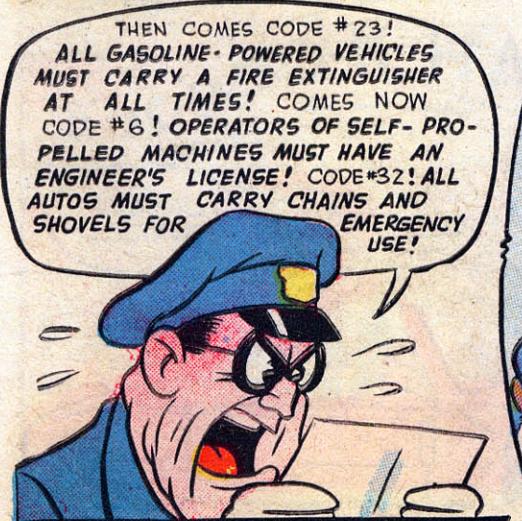
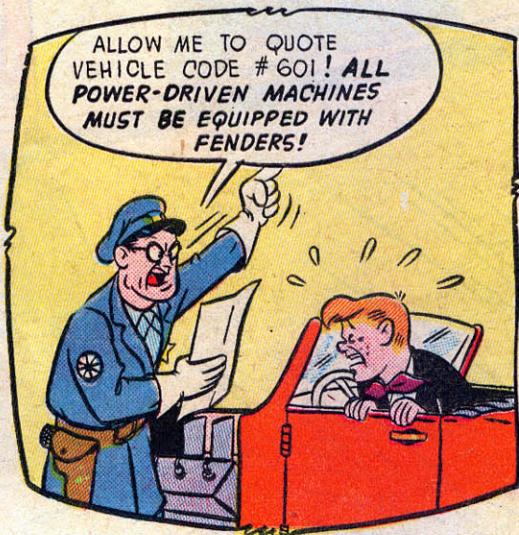
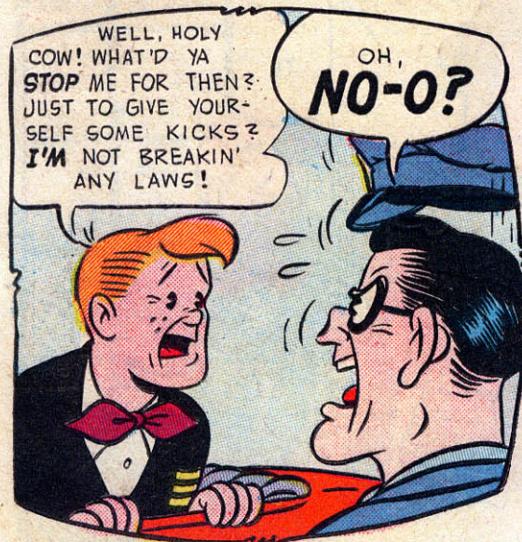
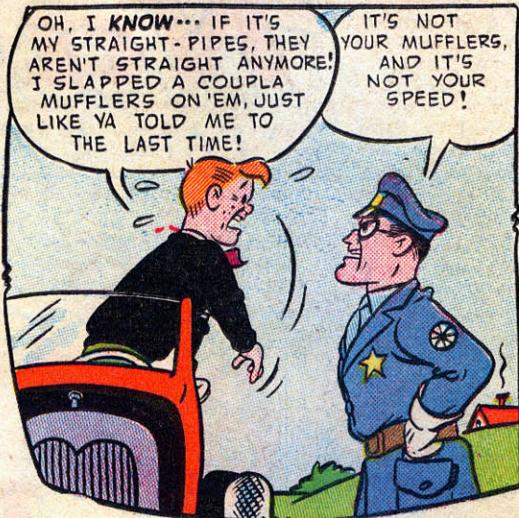
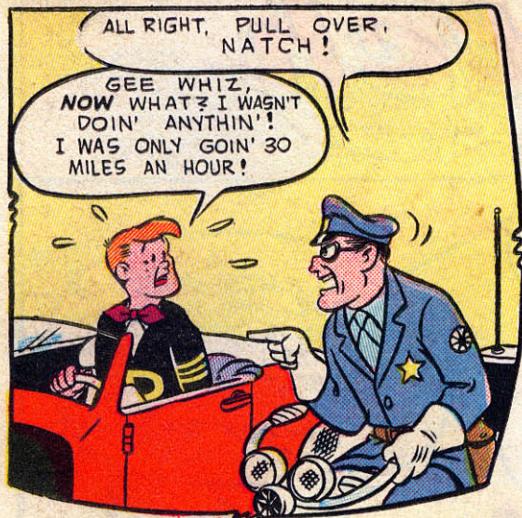
IT'S NATCH KILROY,
JUDGE, AND THE
CHARGE IS DEPRIVING
A CITIZEN, ONE
OFFICER FARRELL,
OF A JOB!--- HE
REFUSES TO SPEED
ANYMORE!

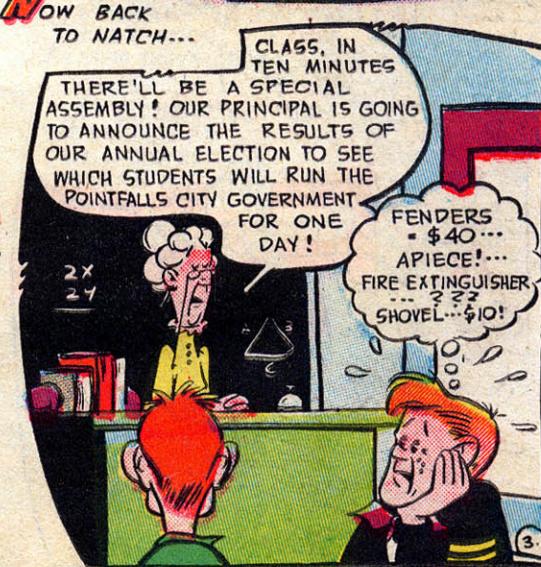
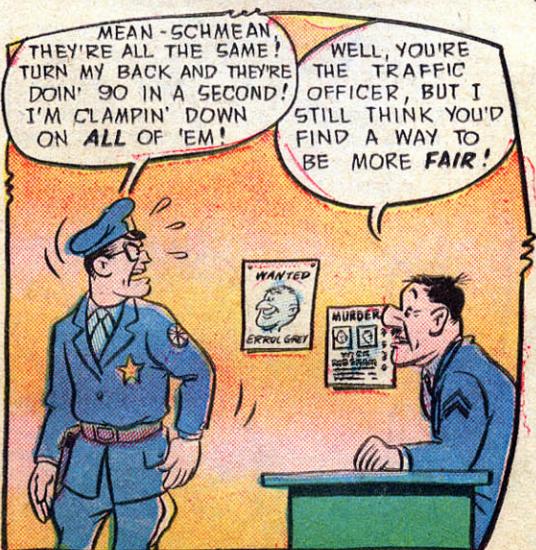
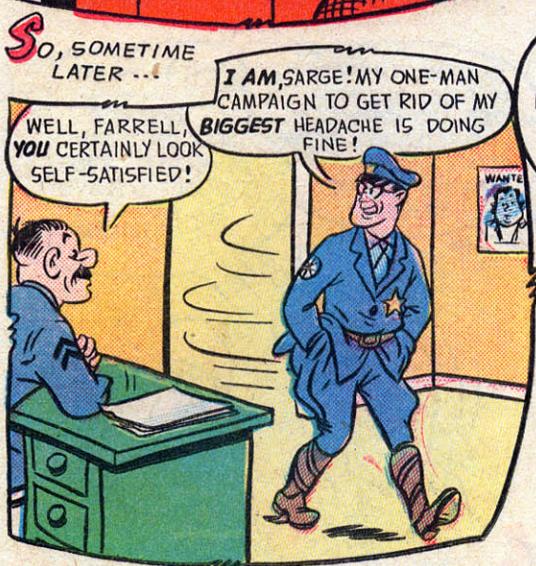
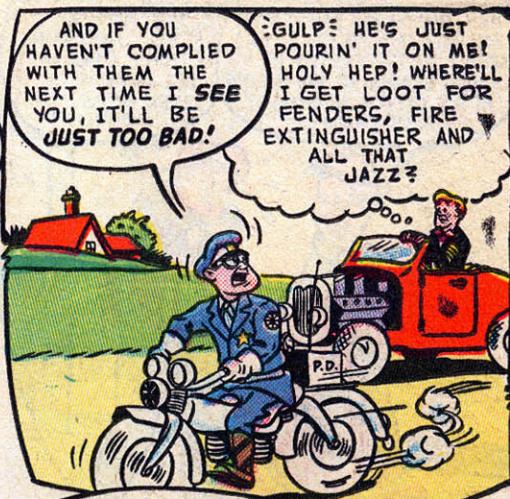
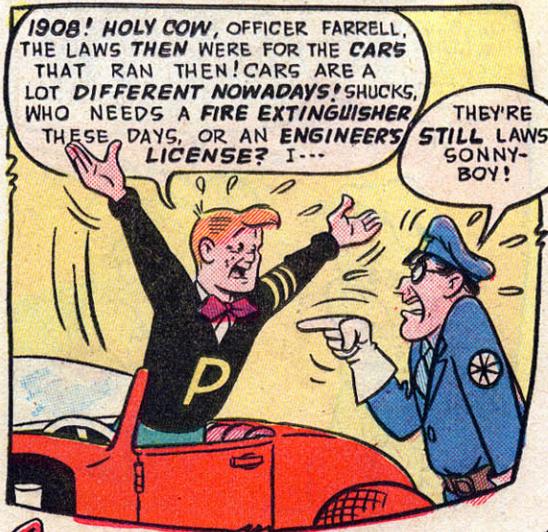
IF THEY MADE ME A KING,
I'D STILL BE A SLAVE
TO-OO YOO-OO! IF I
HAD EVERYTHING, I'D

AH-H-Oooooo

OFFICER
FARRELL!







HEY, C'MON, OH FAIR-FACED BOY WITH CHEEKS OF FUZZ! AREN'T YA INTERESTED IN WHO'S GONNA BE THE B.T.O.'S IN THE CITY GOVERNMENT TOMORROW?

THE WAY I FEEL, JACKSON, I DON'T CARE IF THE CITY ISN'T EVEN HERE TOMORROW!

MAT

NAW! WORDS WITH HER POP! THAT FARRELL'S OUT TO KEEP ME FROM DRIVIN' MY CAR, AND HE'S SUCCEEDED THE HEEL!

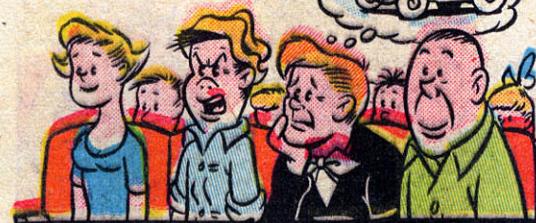
So, sometime later... THAT CONCLUDES THE FIRST SERIES OF OFFICES FILLED, STUDENTS! AND NOW FOR THE REST!

IF I'M ELECTED DOG CATCHER AGAIN, I'M NOT GOING TO TAKE IT! LAST YEAR, I DIDN'T CATCH ONE DOG AND GOT BITTEN 5 TIMES!



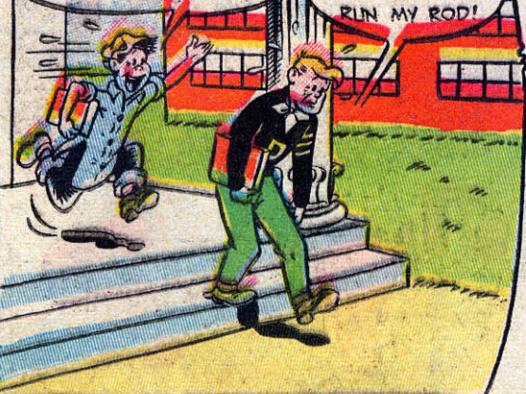
FIRST, NATCH KILROY HAS BEEN ELECTED JUDGE, AND JACKSON WAS ELECTED TO A HIGHER OFFICE THIS YEAR--- HE'S THE TRAFFIC OFFICER!

WOW! NATCH, DID YA HEAR THAT? I DON'T HAVE TO BE DOG CATCHER!



So... HEY, KEEN, HEY! EVEN IF I CAN'T RIDE A MURDERCYCLE, BEIN' A TRAFFIC COP IS BETTER'N DOG CATCHER! --- AN' YOU WERE ELECTED JUDGE, NATCH! EVERYTHIN' IS REALLY GEORGE, HUH?

YOU KIDDIN'? WODDA I CARE ABOUT BEIN' A JUDGE FOR ONE DAY WHEN I'VE JUST LOST THE RIGHT TO RUN MY ROD!



LATER THAT EVENING, AT JUDY'S HOME---

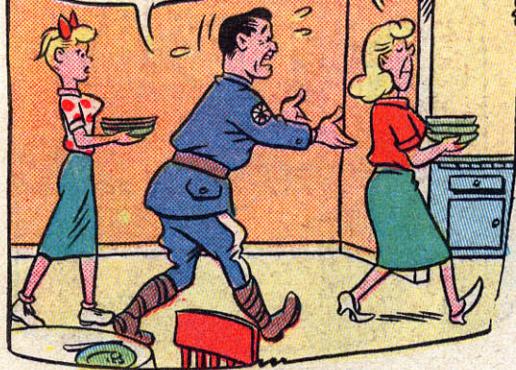
WELL, NO WORK TOMORROW! IT'S THE DAY THE KIDS TAKE OVER THE CITY, SO AFTER SUPPER, I'M GONNA CALL THE JUDGE AND SEE IF HE'D LIKE TO GO FISHIN'!

MIKE FARRELL, YOU CAN GET THAT IDEA OUT OF YOUR HEAD RIGHT NOW! I'VE GOT A LOT OF ERANDS I WANT YOU TO RUN FOR ME TOMORROW!



ERRANDS! YE GODS!
HOW COME YOU SUDDENLY
HAVE A LOT OF ERRANDS
FOR ME ON THE **ONE**
DAY IN THE YEAR I CAN
CALL MY OWN!

IT'S NOT ALL OF A
SUDDEN! THEY'RE
THINGS THAT HAVE
BEEN PILING UP
FOR A YEAR!



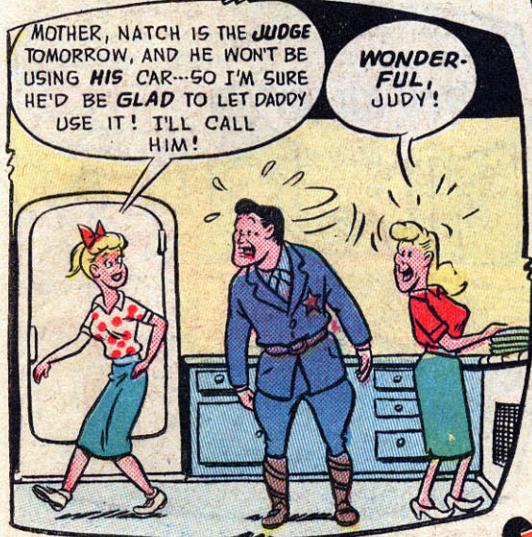
WAIT A MINUTE!
WAIT A MINUTE!
... I'D LOVE TO HELP
YA OUT T'MORROW, HONEY.
BUT **NO CAR**, REMEMBER?
... IT'S DOWN AT JOE'S,
BEING PAINTED!

OH, DEAR!
I FORGOT
ABOUT THAT!



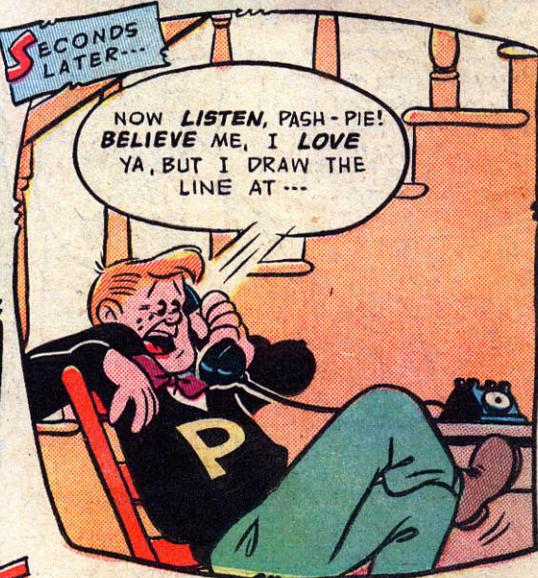
MOTHER, NATCH IS THE **JUDGE**
TOMORROW, AND HE WON'T BE
USING **HIS** CAR...SO I'M SURE
HE'D BE GLAD TO LET DADDY
USE IT! I'LL CALL
HIM!

WONDER-
FUL!,
JUDY!



SECONDS
LATER...

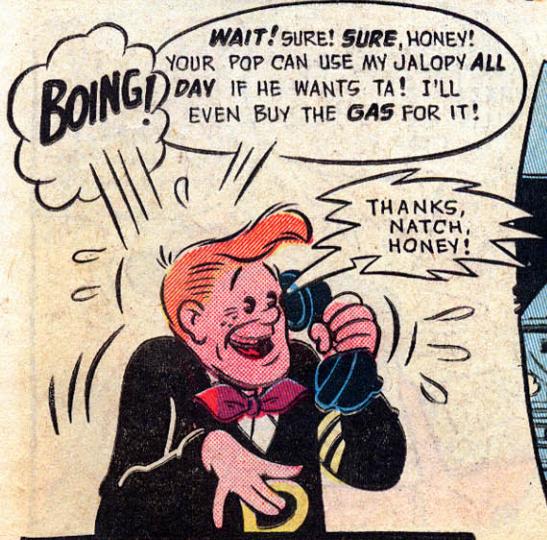
NOW **LISTEN**, PASH-PIE!
BELIEVE ME, I **LOVE**
YA, BUT I DRAW THE
LINE AT ...



BOING!

WAIT! SURE! SURE, HONEY!
YOUR POP CAN USE MY JALOPY **ALL**
DAY IF HE WANTS TA! I'LL
EVEN BUY THE **GAS** FOR IT!

THANKS,
NATCH,
HONEY!

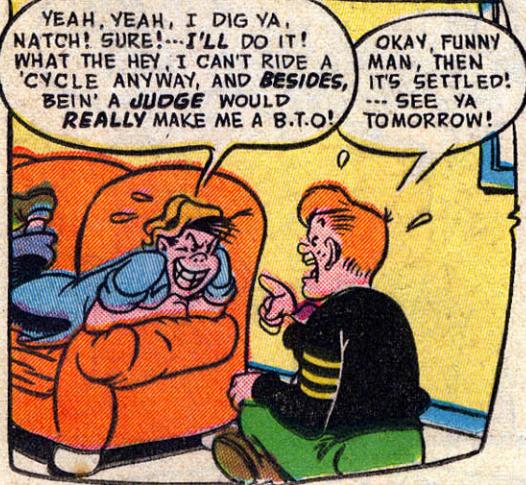


T
WO SECONDS
LATER...

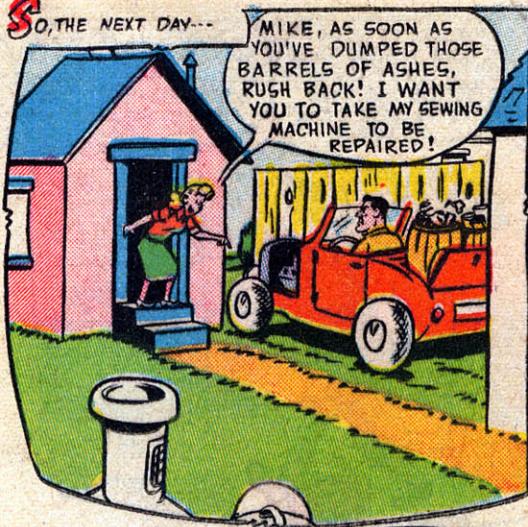
WOW! THIS IS **IT**!
I'VE GOTTA GET WITH
IT AND MAKE LIKE
FAST TO JACKSON'S!



AND LATER STILL, AT JACKSON'S...



SO, THE NEXT DAY...

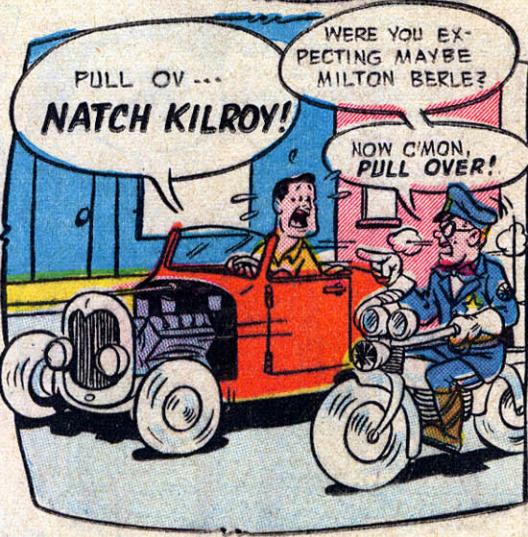
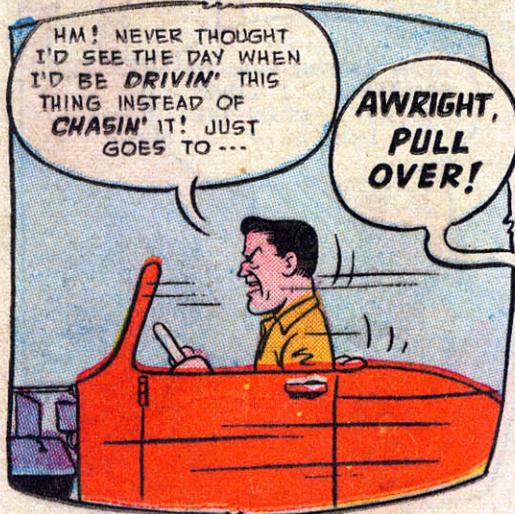


HM! NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE THE DAY WHEN I'D BE DRIVIN' THIS THING INSTEAD OF CHASIN' IT! JUST GOES TO ...

AWRIGHT,
PULL
OVER!

WERE YOU EX-
PECTING MAYBE
MILTON BERLE?

HOW C'MON,
PULL OVER!



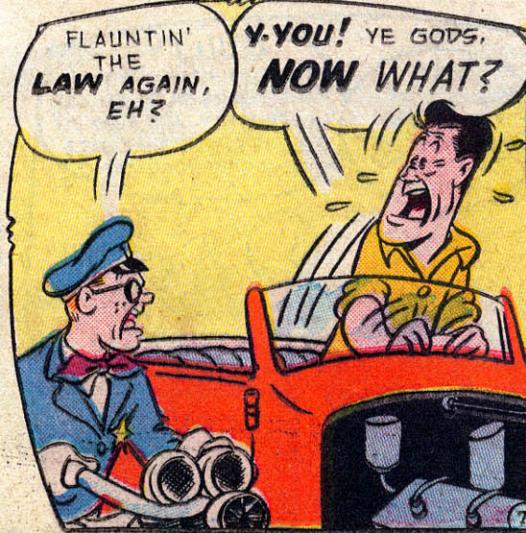
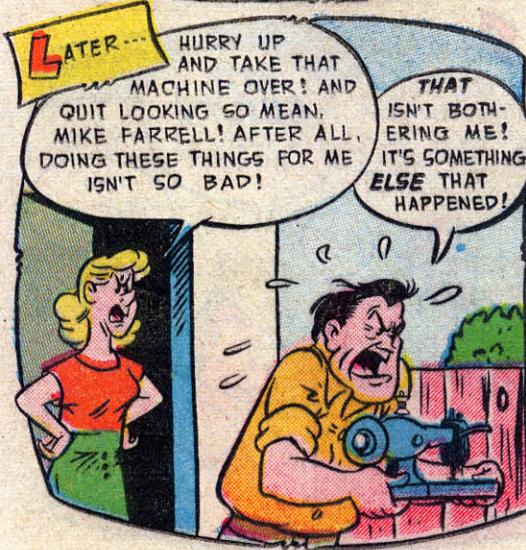
SAY, WHAT IS THIS?? AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING ON MY CYCLE? I THOUGHT JACKSON WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE MY JOB!

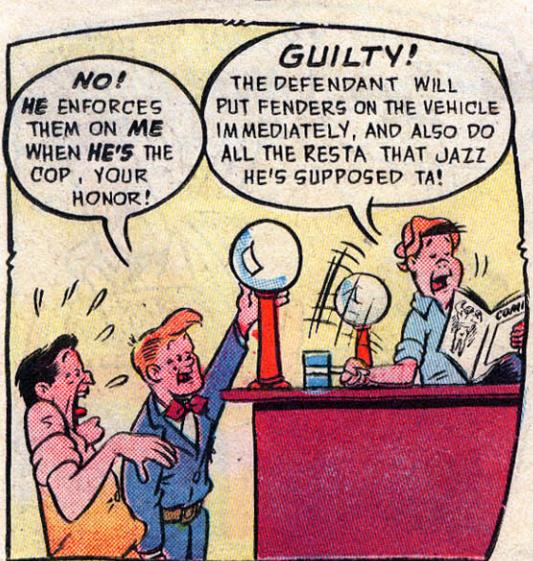
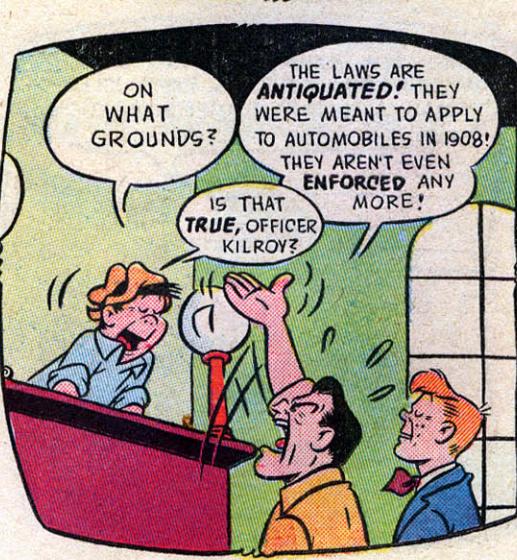
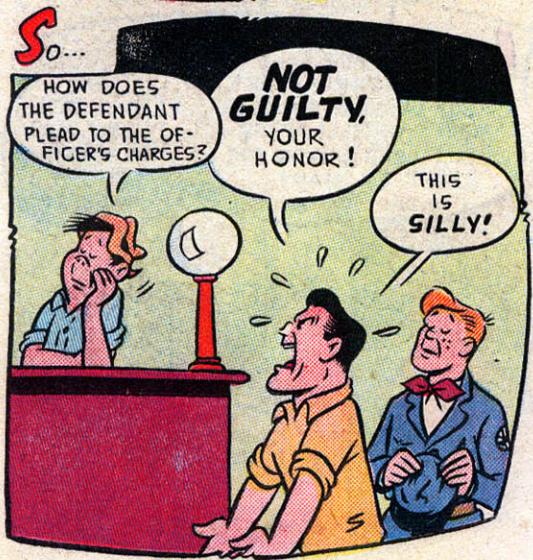
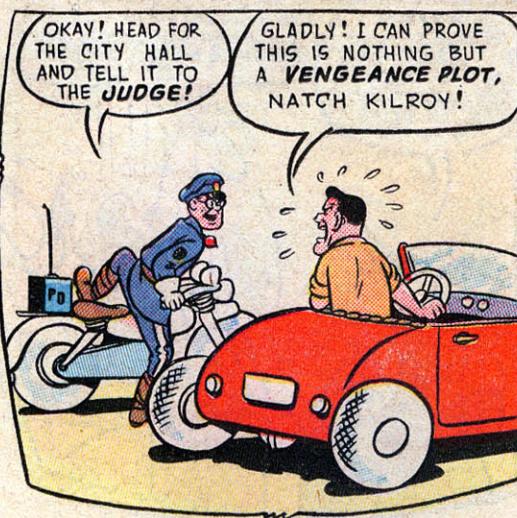
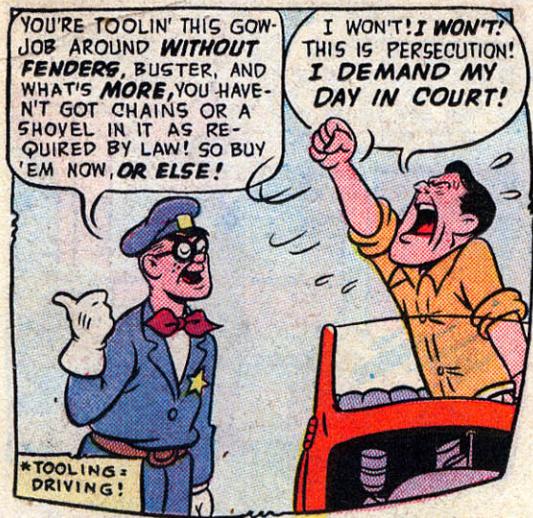
HE COULDN'T RIDE THIS ROD, SO WE SWAPPED JOBS!

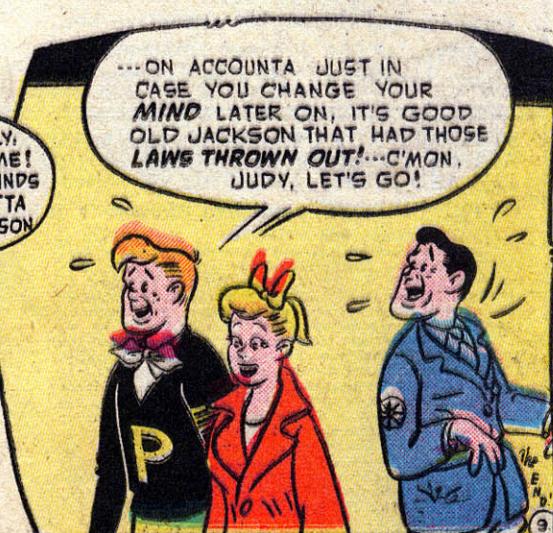
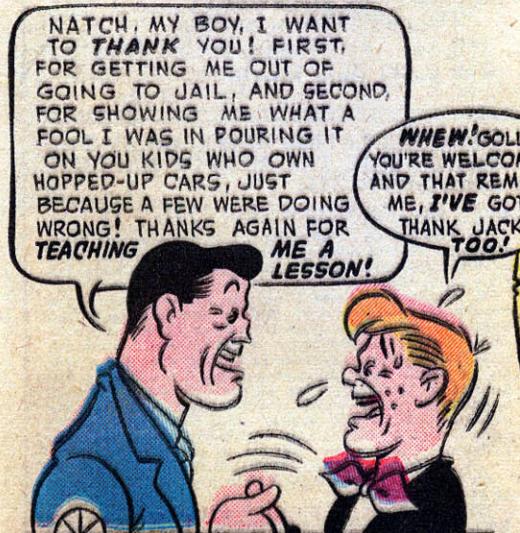
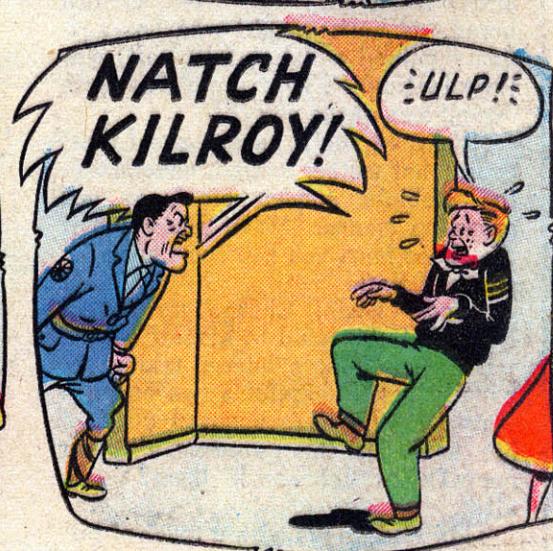
OKAY, SO YOU SWAPPED JOBS! SO WHAZZA BIG IDEA OF TELLIN' ME TO PULL OVER?

YOU'RE BREAK-
IN' THE LAW,
MEATHEAD!
CODE 23 SAYS
ALL VEHICLES
MUST HAVE FIRE
EXTINGUISHERS!









a WOMAN SPURNED!

ROBIN SURVEYED HER reflection in the mirror slowly and with extreme satisfaction. From head to toe, she examined the pretty teen-ager in the mirror, and was especially satisfied when she came to the toe part.

For there, on her feet at last, were the first high-heeled shoes she had ever owned!

"They're quite sophisticated!" Robin commented to her mother. "Exactly my type!" She tried to look bored, as befits a girl who has suddenly gained a delightfully tall, willowy feeling. "I hope there'll be some decent men at the party!"

"I'm sure you'll have a grand time, dear," her mother smiled, understanding Robin's sudden aloofness and grown-up manner. "Run along and if the shoes hurt, you can come home for a pair of flats!"

"Come home! Change my shoes! Never!" Robin said to herself as she walked to Helen's house, taking unusually small, careful steps and listening to the unaccustomed click of her heels on the pavement. "I just hope Dexter Johnson is there, that's all!"

This was tinged with a touch of bitterness. Dexter Johnson was simply gorgeous and thoroughly attractive and dreamy...but he'd never so much as glanced at Robin. "He didn't notice me

when I was a *child*," Robin thought, thinking of her saddle-shoe days, "and now that I'm grownup and glamorous, I won't notice *him*!"

She took great pleasure in imagining the scene. She would drift into Helen's living room, her feet twinkling in their high heels, an invisible cloud of glamor enveloping her. The men would look up and be overcome...particularly Dexter! They would cluster around her and she would be gracious and charming to all of them...except Dexter! She would make him suffer, as he had made her suffer!

The scene was exactly as she had pictured it. Lifting her chin, Robin advanced into the living room. "Look out!" Helen cried.

But the warning came too late. A glamorous high heel caught in the fringe bordering the rug and Robin, feeling ghastly, fell forward...right into someone's arms!

"Say, you're cute! What's more, I never knew you cared!"

"I *don't!*" Robin denied the accusation angrily, and then blushed. Dexter...Dexter Johnson was holding *her* in his arms and *definitely* noticing her! Now was her chance to spurn him...to make him suffer!

"Dance?" Dexter asked.

"Love to!" Robin smiled happily. High heels were *terrific*!

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933 AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233)

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1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Best Syndicated Features, Inc., 420 De Soto Ave., St. Louis 7, Mo.; Editor, Richard E. Hughes, 120 West 18th St., New York, N. Y.; Managing editor, None.; Business manager, Frederick H. Iger, 50 Beverly Road, Great Neck, L. I., N. Y.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereafter the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) Best Syndicated Features, 420 De Soto Ave., St. Louis 7, Mo.; B. W. Sangor, 7 West 81 Street, New York, N. Y.; Frederick H. Iger, 50 Beverly Road, Great Neck, L. I., N. Y.

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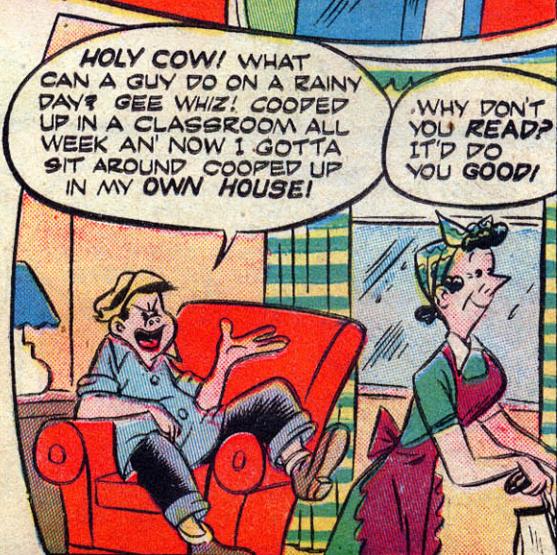
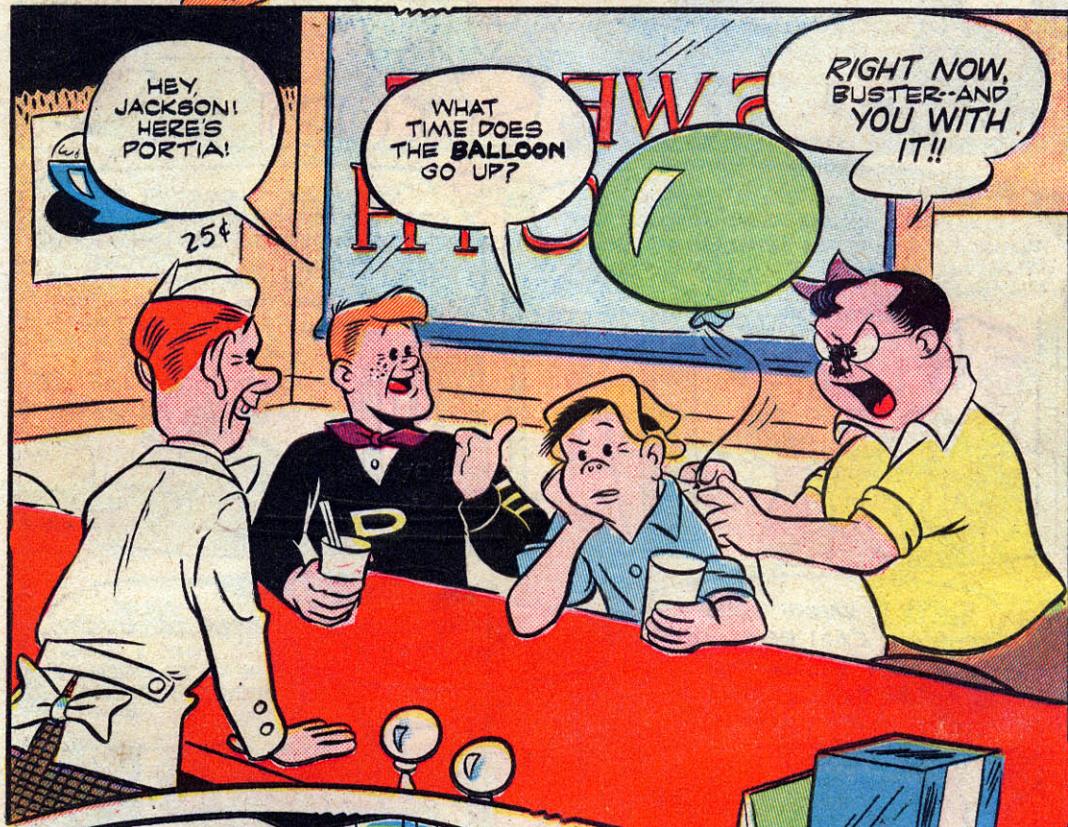
(Signed) RICHARD E. HUGHES, Editor
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1951.

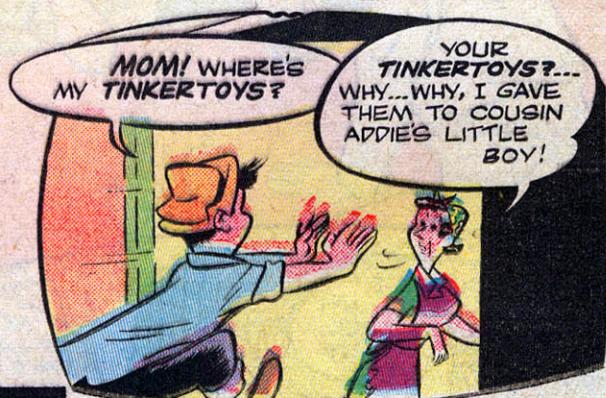
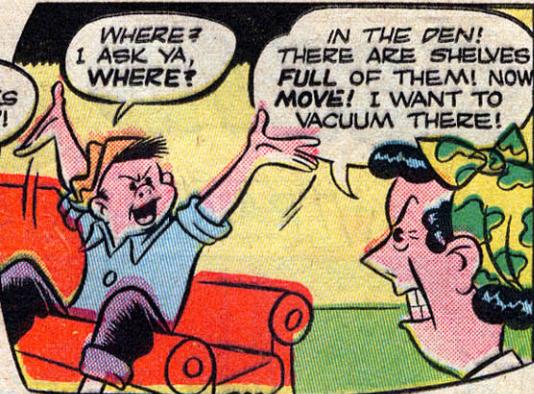
Nat C. Sherman, Notary Public, State of New York. (My commission expires March 30, 1953)

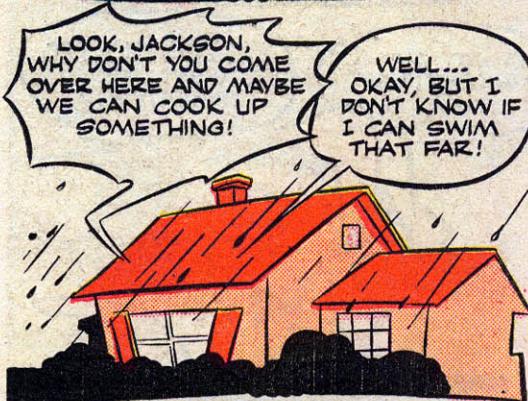
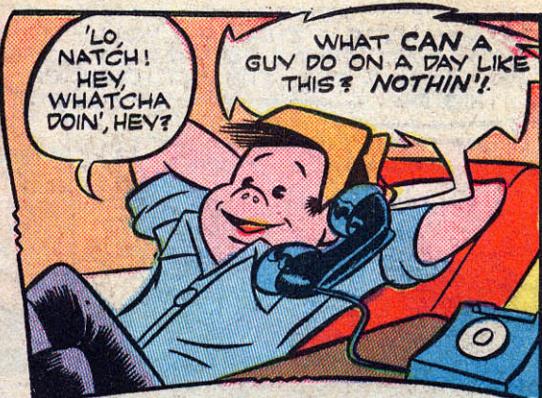
SOLID JACKSON

in

"RAIN, RAIN, GO AWAY!"

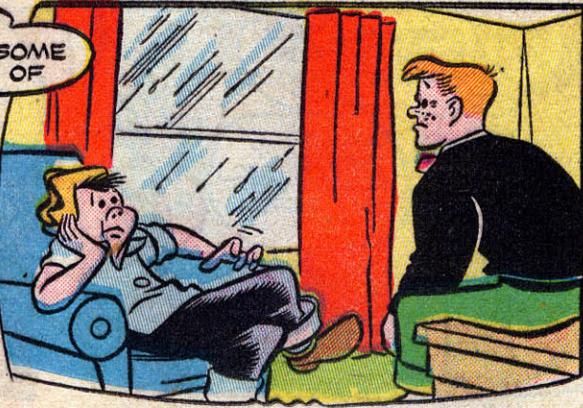
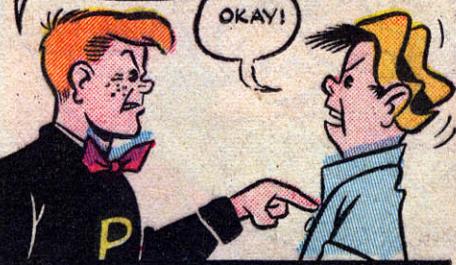






NOW GRAB A CHAIR AND WE'LL BOTH START TRYING TO THINK OF SOME WAY TO WHILE AWAY THE WET HOURS OF THIS DAY!

OKAY!



HEY, NATCH! I THINK MAYBE I'VE GOT SOMETHIN'!

YOU HAVE? SWELL!... WHAT IS IT?

YA GOT ANY TINKERTOYS?

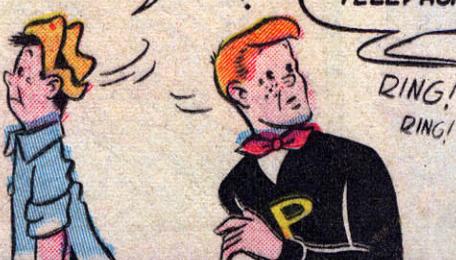
TINKERTOYS??... WHAT ARE TINKERTOYS?



OH, WELL, IF YA DON'T KNOW, THEN YA HAVENT GOT ANY, SO SKIP IT!

OH, NATCH! TELEPHONE!

HI, JUDY-PIE!... HUH? WOW! WOULD I! JACKSON'S HERE, SO I'LL BRING HIM ALONG TOO!... OKAY... YEAH!... PLENTY OF PLATTERS!... REET!... 'BYE, NOW!

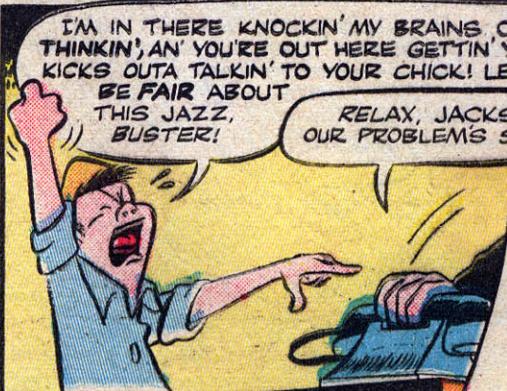


I'M IN THERE KNOCKIN' MY BRAINS OUT THINKIN', AN' YOU'RE OUT HERE GETTIN' YOUR KICKS OUTA TALKIN' TO YOUR CHICK! LET'S BE FAIR ABOUT THIS JAZZ, BUSTER!

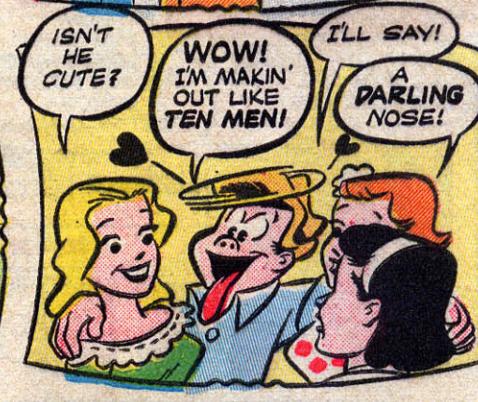
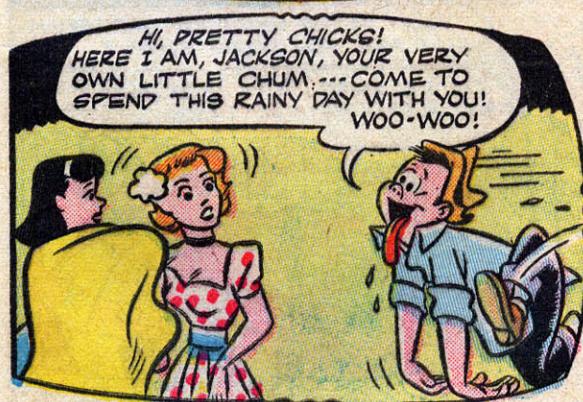
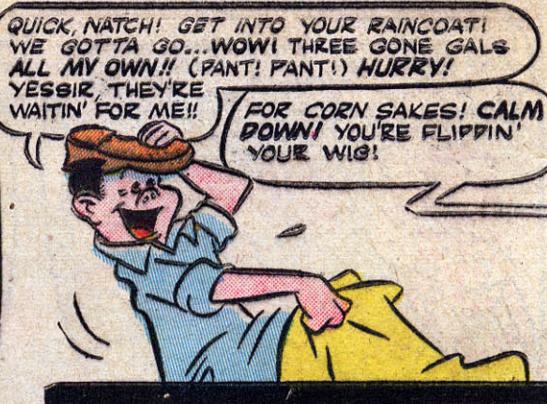
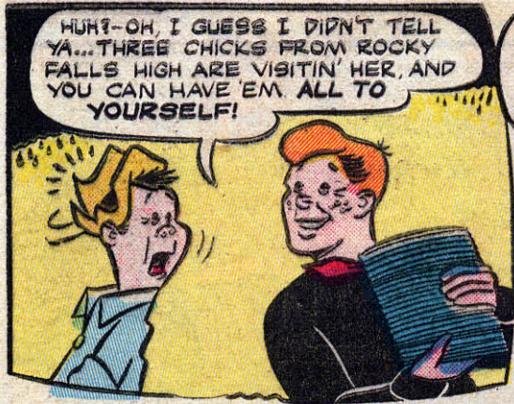
RELAX, JACKSON! OUR PROBLEM'S SOLVED!

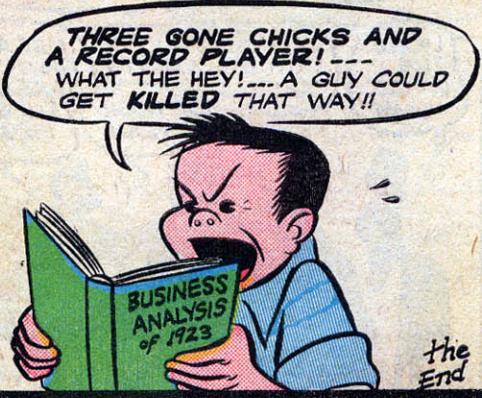
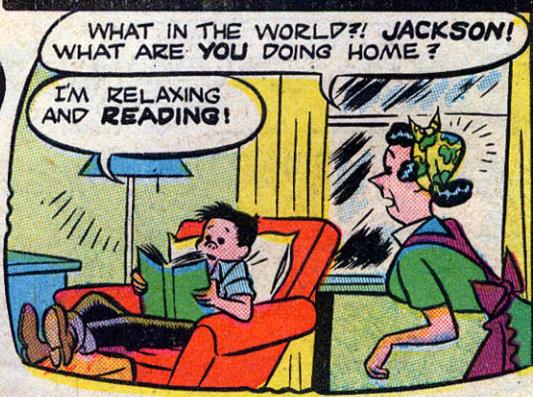
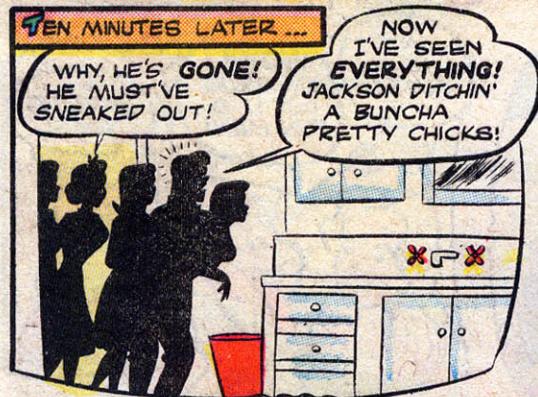
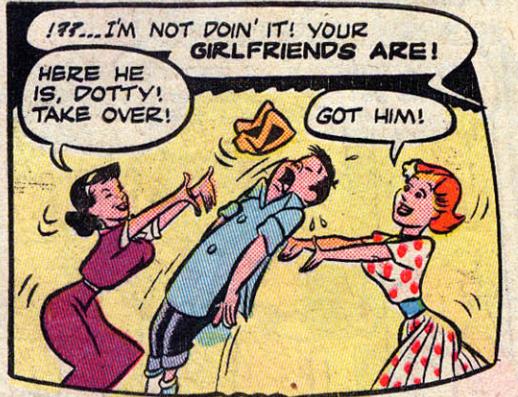
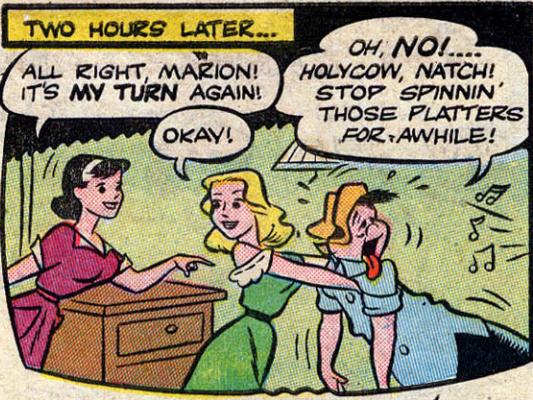
WE'RE GOIN' OVER TO JUDY-PIE'S AN' COOK UP A STORM!

OH, FINE! FINE!... I'LL FIT IN! THAT PICTURE JUST KEEN! YOU TWO SIT AROUND HOLDIN' HANDS AN' SMOOTHIN' WHILE I WATCH!



* HAVE A BIG PARTY





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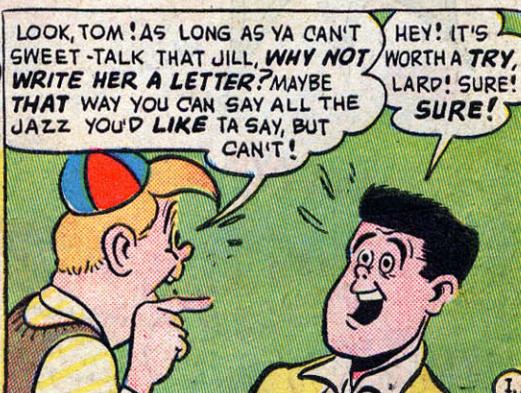
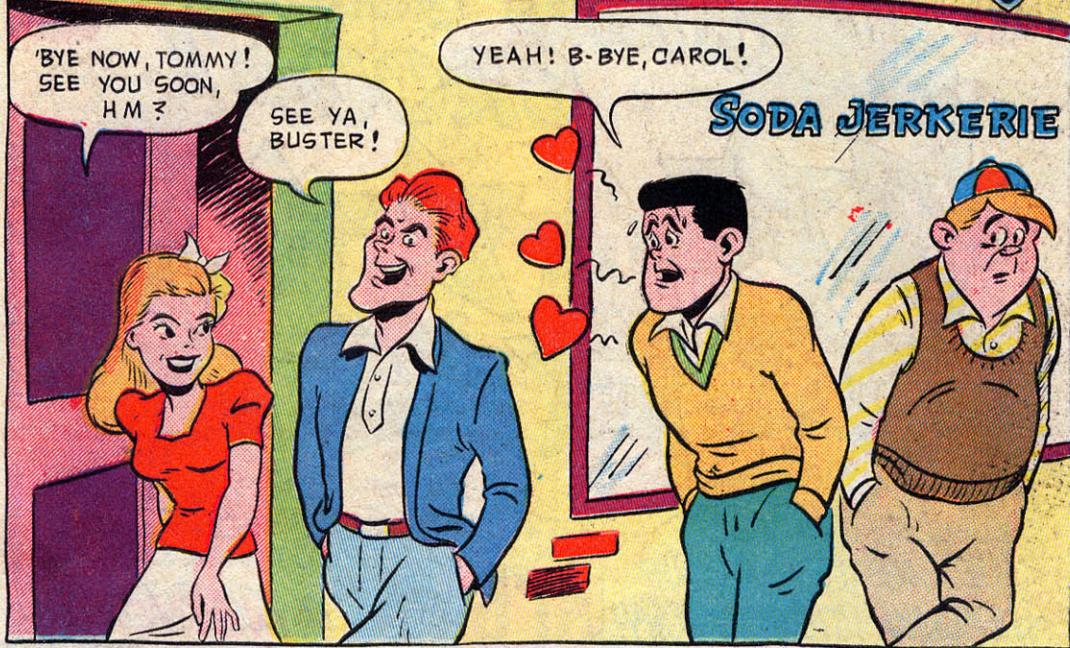
Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Initials for Ring _____
(FIRST) _____ (LAST) _____

Send to Smith Bros., P.O. Box 424, Providence, R. I.

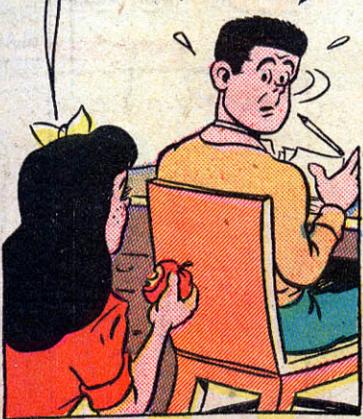
KID SISTER



SO, SOME TIME LATER...
AT HOME...

HEY, DOGEARS! WHAT'CHA
DOIN'?

AWRIGHT! C'MON, SCRAM! GET
LOST! GET OUTA MY ROOM!



WHAT YA COVERIN' UP ALL
THAT STUFF FOR? BOY! YOU
SURE ACT LIKE A CORN
BALL SOMETIMES!

YOU BETTER GET
OUTTA HERE, BIRD
BRAIN! I'M TELLIN'
YA AGAIN!

I DON'T HAVE TA! THIS HOUSE
IS MY FATHER'S AND MOTHER'S,
AND I CAN STAY IN ANY
ROOM I WANT!

YA CANNOT!
MOM! OH,
MOM!



MOM! C'MERE A SEC!
MOM, YA GOTTA COME
UP HERE!

NOW WHAT'S WRONG
WITH THAT BOY?

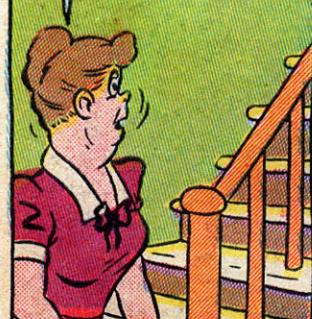
OKAY, PINHEAD, HERE SHE COMES!
NOW WE'LL SEE IF YA GET OUT
OR NOT!... YOU'LL GET IT, BOY!

I WILL NOT, YOU WILL!
YOU'RE WRITING SOMETHIN' YA
AREN'T SUPPOSED TO AND
I'M GONNA TELL!

CRUNCH!

NOW WHAT'S THE TROUBLE UP...
FOR PITY SAKES! WHY ARE YOU
LYING ALL OVER THAT TABLE?

I'VE GOT REASONS! I'VE GOT
REASONS!... YA GOTTA MAKE
THAT HALF-BAKED KID SISTER
OF MINE GET OUT OF
MY ROOM, MOM!

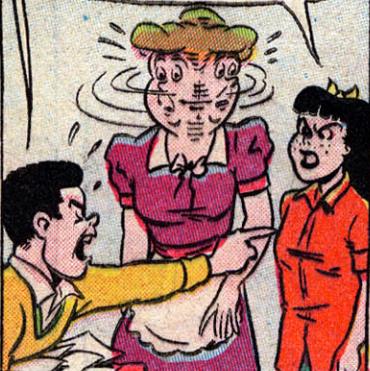
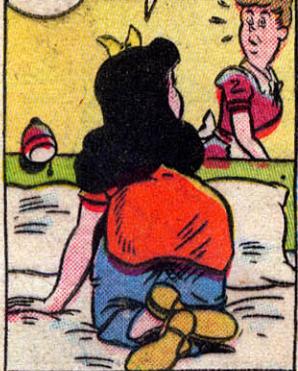


HE'S JUST MAD 'CUZZ HE'S WRITING SOMETHIN' **SECRET**, MOTHER! SOMETHIN' HE SHOULDN'T, AND HE'S AFRAID I'M GONNA SEE WHAT IT IS!

THIS IS MY ROOM, AND WHAT I DO IS NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS!

IT'S MOTHER'S, ISN'T IT, MOM? YOU'RE GONNA MAKE HIM SHOW YOU WHAT IT IS, AREN'T YA?

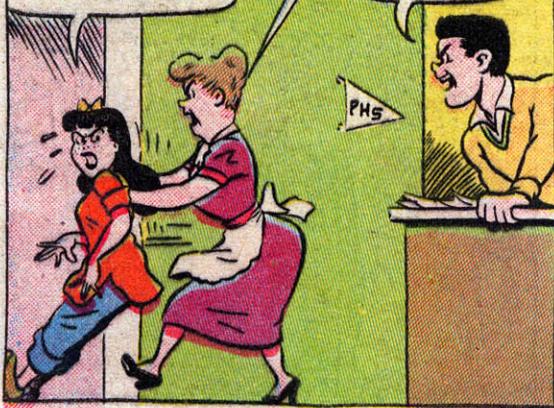
I MOST CERTAINLY AM NOT! YOUR BROTHER HAS A PERFECT RIGHT TO PRIVACY BOTH IN HIS **ROOM** AND IN WHATEVER HE **WRITES**! I'M SURE IT'S NOT A **RANSOM** NOTE OR BLACK HAND THREAT -- NOW, SISTER, LEAVE HIS ROOM!



I'LL BET IT'S **MUSH STUFF**, MOTHER! HOW ABOUT THAT? I'LL BETCHA ANYTHING IT'S THAT LOVE AND KISSES JUNK!

WELL, IF IT IS, IT'S NONE OF OUR BUSINESS!

HA! SO LONG, FISH-FACE!



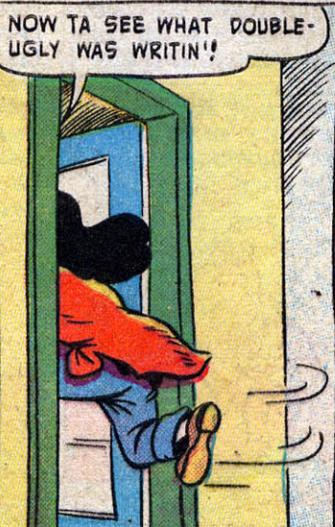
HOLY HEP! I'VE BEEN TRYIN' FOR TWO HOURS TA WRITE SOMETHIN' KEEN, AND NOW, AFTER THAT RHUBARB, I CAN'T THINK OF A THING! I'D BETTER QUIT FOR AWHILE!



S'HELP ME! THE TWO MOST DANGEROUS THINGS IN THE WORLD ARE THE **ATOM BOMB** AND MY KID SISTER!



NOW TA SEE WHAT DOUBLE-UGLY WAS WRITIN'!



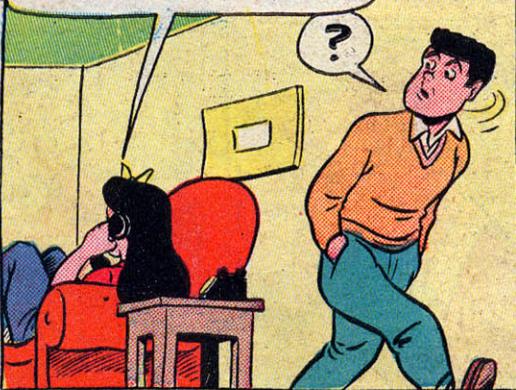
WOW! THIS IS **RICH**! WAIT'LL THE GALS SEE THIS... HEY, THE WASTE BASKET'S FULL TOO! ...I HIT THE JACKPOT!



OUT O' MY WAY, DOUBLE-UGLY!
I GOTTA MAKE WITH THE
AMECHE!



HI, AGGIE? AGGIE, LISTEN! ---I'VE GOT SOME-
THING REALLY **SENSASHE** TO SHOW YOU! YEAH,
GET THE OTHER KIDS AND COME OVER, HUH? NO
---I CAN'T TELL YA! ---IT'S **TERRIF**! I MEAN,
SIMPLY GEORGE! OKAY, SEE YA!

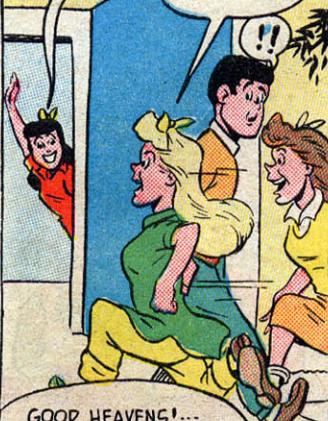


MINUTES LATER...

HI, CATS! C'MON IN HERE IN
THE DEN!

HI! OKAY!

!!!



GOOD HEAVENS!...
YOUNG MAN, STOP THAT
RIGHT NOW! YOU'VE CARRIED
THIS FEUD TOO FAR! NOW
LEAVE **IMMEDIATELY**!

OKAY, OKAY, I'LL LEAVE!
AND MAYBE I'LL NEVER
COME BACK, EITHER!



HA! LISTEN TO **THIS ONE**! 'CAROL,
DARLING! MY HEART CRIES FOR
YOU!' ---**WODDA CORNBALL**!

AND DIG **THIS**! "HOW ABOUT
GOIN' STEADY WITH ME? I'M
MAD FOR YA!"

HA!
HO!

MY LETTERS!



OPEN THAT DOOR! YA HEAR?
OPEN THAT DOOR OR I'LL
BREAK IT DOWN!

HALP!
MOTHER!

BAM!
BAM!



HI, MOM! DID HE LEAVE?
---BOY! IS HE STRICKLY
FROM **HUNGER**!

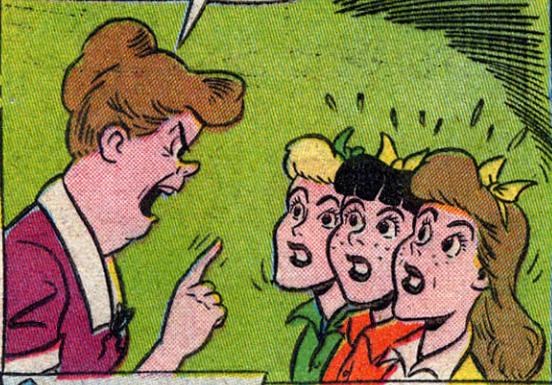
HE WRITES THE
SILLIEST THINGS!

DON'T TELL
ME YOU
GIRLS STOLE
HIS
LETTER!

GOOD THING, TOO! ANY
GAL GOT ONE OF **THESE**,
SHE'D **LAUGH** AT HIM!
---OO! ARE THEY
CORNY!



DO YOU GIRLS REALIZE WHAT YOU'VE DONE?—WELL, I'M GOING TO TELL YOU! THAT GIRL PROBABLY MEANS EVERYTHING IN THE WORLD TO TOM, AND YOU'VE HUMILIATED HIM! IT MAY BE FUNNY TO YOU, BUT TO HIM IT'S SERIOUS!



SOMETIME LATER...

AND THAT'S IT, LARD! WHEN MY KID SISTER AND HER DRAGON FRIENDS BANDY MY LETTERS AROUND, CAROL'S GONNA HATE ME! WISH I WAS DEAD!



GOIN' STEADY? GOLLY, MAYBE MY NOTE TO HER DID SOME GOOD THEN!



TOMMY! TOMMY, MY PASH PIE! YOUR NOTE WAS WONDERFUL! I'VE ALWAYS PREFERRED YOU TO HORTON, BUT YOU NEVER SAID ANYTHING TO ME! BUT NOW, NOW! OOH! THE THINGS YOU SAID IN YOUR NOTE --- AND I'LL BE GLAD TO GO WITH YOU STEADY, TOO!



HOLY COW! DON'T BE MAD, ALL I WAS TRYIN' TA DO WAS HELP! WHATCHA GONNA DO, SLUG ME?



NO DOUBT YOU ALL HAVE BOY FRIENDS, SO HOW WOULD YOU LIKE IT IF EVERYBODY READ THE NOTES THEY SENT TO YOU? YOU WOULDN'T! ... NOW, DO YOU KNOW WHAT HE SAID? HE SAID HE MIGHT NEVER COME BACK...AND IF HE DIDN'T, I COULDN'T BLAME HIM!



AND LATER STILL...

DOUBLE-UGLY! YOU'RE HOME! YOU---YOU DIDN'T LEAVE AFTER ALL!



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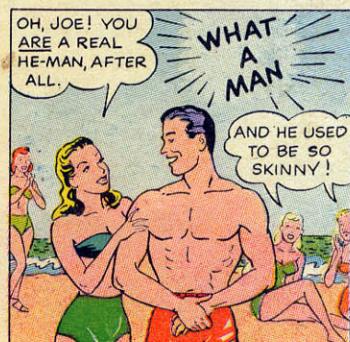
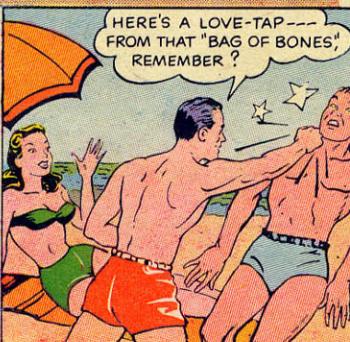
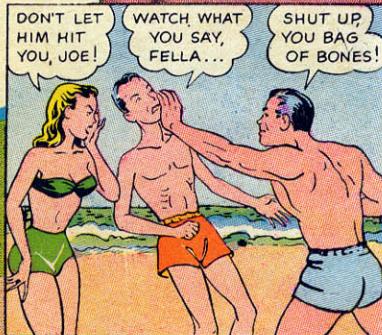
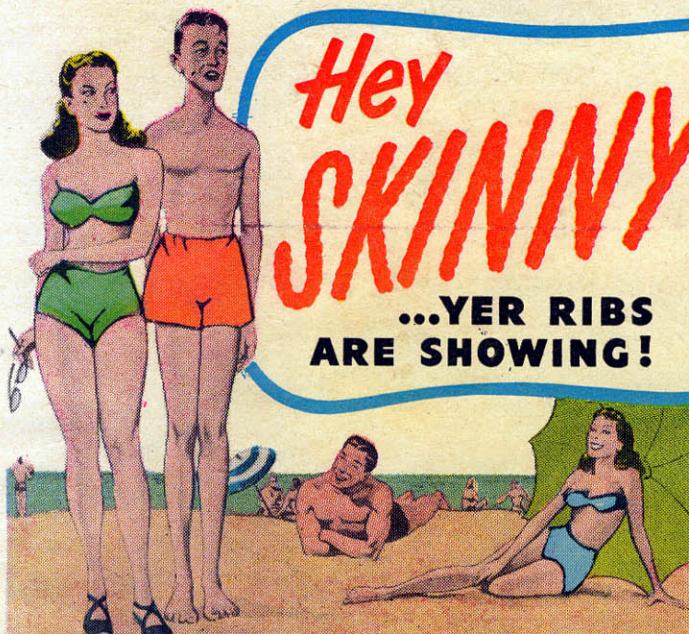
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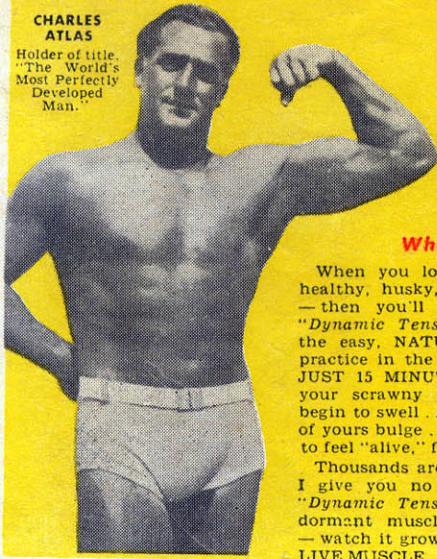
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